THE BEST OF BRITISH COMICS—IT'S

TERRIFIC

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A POWER COMIC

No.17 EVERY MONDAY 9d

AUSTRALIA 10c. EAST AFRICA 1.25c. WEST AFRICA 1/-
SOUTH AFRICA 10c. RHODESIA 1/3 NEW ZEALAND 1/- (10c.)

The AVENGERS

AN EPIC-LENGTH POWER-HOUSE MASTERWORK FOR THE NEW BREED OF READER!

If you're as sentimental as we, you won't miss this yarn —it's the last time you'll see Giant-man wearing his old costume!

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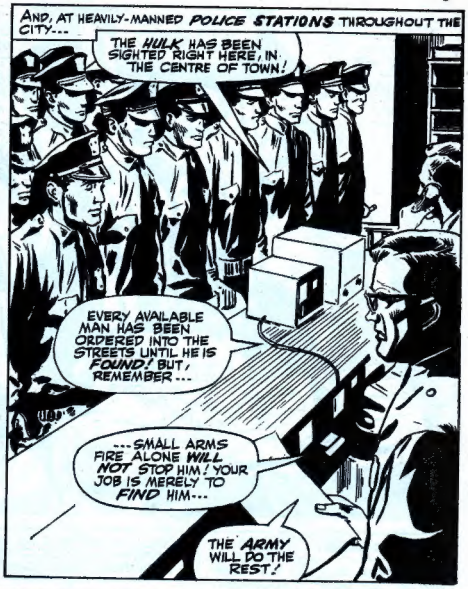
Reg. T.M. & © Marvel Comics Group, 1965

ONLY NAMOR HAS THE SHEER BRUTE STRENGTH NEEDED TO STAND UP TO THE GREEN-SKINNED MONSTER!
AND, IF HE SHOULD BE SLAIN ALONG WITH THE HULK, SO MUCH THE BETTER!
REMEMBER ... EVERY HUMAN IS YOUR ENEMY ... EXCEPT FOR ME!
..AND THE HULK IS YOUR GREATEST ENEMY OF ALL!
THE HULK ... MY ENEMY! MUST FIND HIM ... DESTROY HIM ... AS ORDERED ...!


AND, AT HEAVILY-MANNED POLICE STATIONS THROUGHOUT THE CITY ...
THE HULK HAS BEEN SIGHTED RIGHT HERE, IN THE CENTRE OF TOWN!
EVERY AVAILABLE MAN HAS BEEN ORDERED INTO THE STREETS UNTIL HE IS FOUND! BUT, REMEMBER ...
... SMALL ARMS FIRE ALONE WILL NOT STOP HIM! YOUR JOB IS MERELY TO FIND HIM ...
THE ARMY WILL DO THE REST!

MEANWHILE, HIS MEMORY LOST TO HIM ... THE SUB-MARINER BEGINS TO STALK THE CITY'S SHADOWY BYWAYS ...
MUST FIND HULK ...!
HE IS MY ENEMY! MUST BE DESTROYED!

... UNTIL, ONE OF THE SHARP-EYED, SEARCHING PATROLMEN FINDS A PRIZE EQUALLY AS STARTLING AS THE ONE HE HAS BEEN SEEKING ...!
IT'S THE SUB-MARINER!! I'D BET MY LIFE ON IT!
HALT! HALT IN THE NAME OF THE LAW!

MY ORDERS ARE .. NOTHING MUST STOP ME!

CAN'T LET HIM GET AWAY! HE MAY HAVE SOME CONNECTION WITH THE *HULK!*

I SAID *HALT*... HALT, OR I'LL *FIRE!*

OKAY, MISTER... YOU'VE LEFT ME *NO CHOICE!*

NOTHING MUST STOP THE *SUB-MARINER!*

KRAK!

KRAK!

HOLY COW! HE'S AS BAD AS THE *HULK!* THE SHELLS ARE BOUNCING RIGHT OFF HIM!

SPECIAL NOTE: AS ALL SUB-MARINER SCHOLARS KNOW, PRINCE NAMOR IS *NOT* COMPLETELY BULLET-PROOF! HOWEVER, BEING FAR STRONGER THAN ANY MERE HUMAN, IT REQUIRES *MORE* THAN A .45 CALIBRE SHELL TO DENT HIS SKIN... SKIN WHICH CAN WITHSTAND THE TREMENDOUS PRESSURES OF THE OCEAN'S LOWEST DEPTHS! NOW, DON'T FORCE US TO REMIND YOU AGAIN!

SECONDS LATER...

ATTENTION, ALL UNITS! THE *SUB-MARINER* IS AT LARGE IN THIS VERY CITY! ALL MOBILE FORCES DEPLOY TO POSITIONS *B* AND *C!*

FIRST THE *HULK*... NOW *SUB-MARINER!*

WHAT IN BLAZES IS GOING *ON* HERE ?!!

THEN, MOVING WITH THE SPEED AND PRECISION OF BATTLE-TRAINED COMBAT TROOPS, THE GREAT CITY'S DARING *MOBILE SQUADS* QUICKLY CONVERGE UPON THEIR TARGET, ONLY TO FIND...

HE'S TAKING TO THE *AIR*...

FLYING *AWAY!*

IT'S THOSE *WINGED FEET* OF HIS! HOW CAN *ANYONE* CATCH HIM *NOW??*

HE'S IN *LEAGUE* WITH THE HULK! THEY'VE *TEAMED UP* TO ATTACK THE CITY!

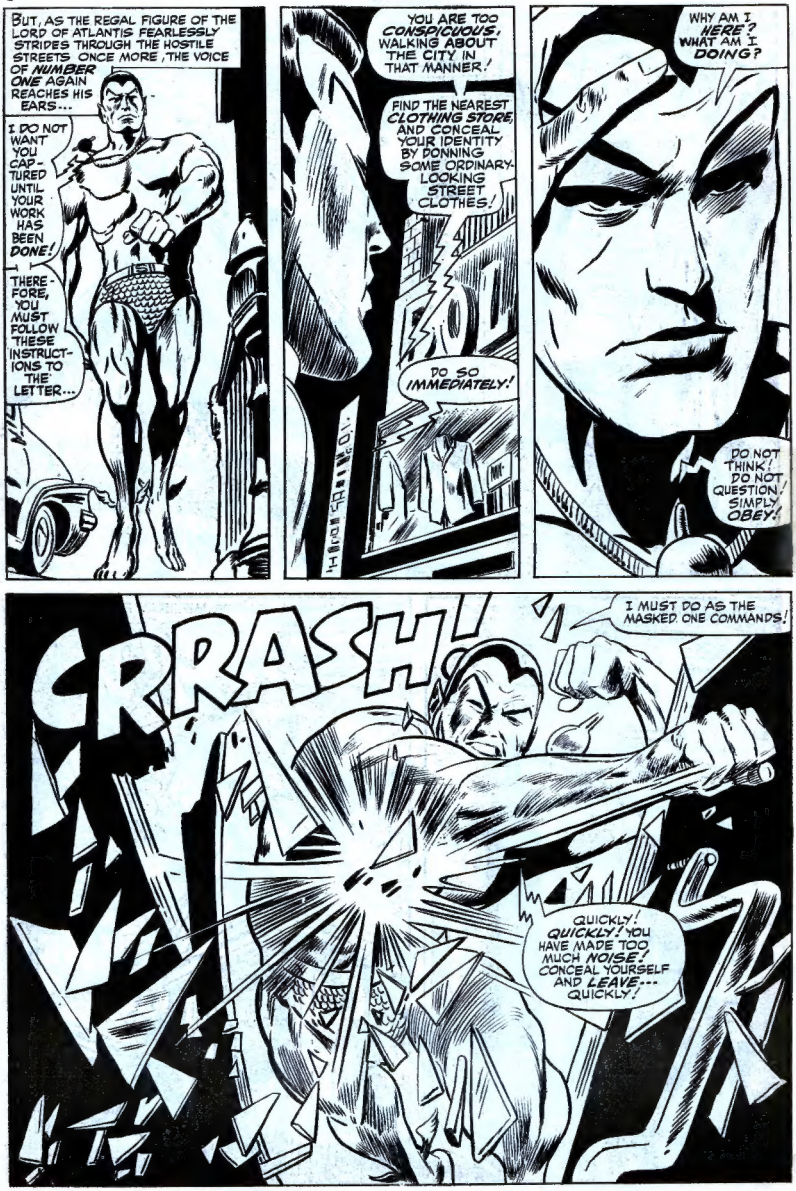
STAND BACK! CLEAR THE STREETS! HE WON'T GET AWAY! WE'LL *SHOOT HIM DOWN!*

AND SO, IT BEGINS...
FTOOM!
HE'S TOO CAGEY! HE'S FLYING CLOSE TO THE BUILDINGS! WE CAN'T RISK PUTTING A SHELL INTO SOME WINDOW!
ALL UNITS... FIRE!

THERE! NOW HE'S COMING INTO THE OPEN! NOW'S OUR CHANCE...!
IT'S NO GOOD! HE'S GOING TOO FAST...TOO HIGH...!
SPRAK!
HE'S OUT-DISTANCING OUR VOLLEY!
SPING!

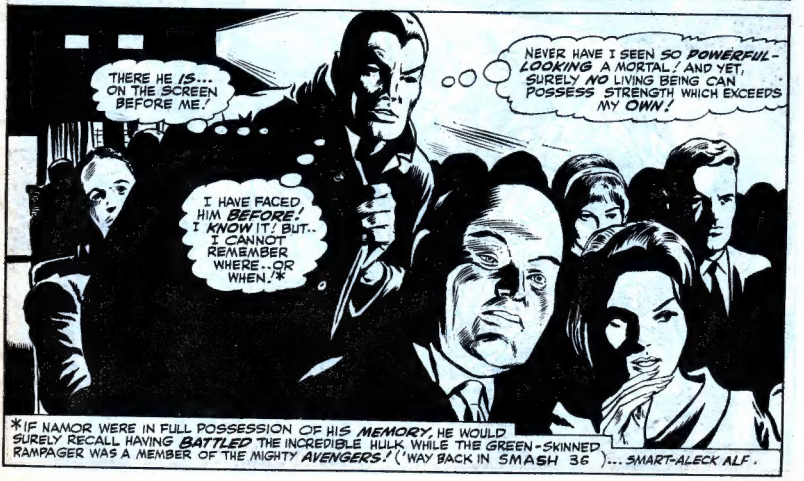
THEN, AS NAMOR SOARS TO SAFETY BEYOND THE RANGE OF THE MARKSMEN BELOW, A COMMANDING VOICE RINGS OUT FROM THE TRANSCEIVER DANGLING AT HIS NECK...
YOU MUST NOT THINK OF YOUR OWN SAFETY! RETURN TO THE STREETS! YOU MUST FIND THE HULK!
I MUST FIND THE HULK...!

THUS, THE AMNESIA-PLAGUED AMPHIBIAN PLUMMETS DOWNWARD AGAIN, UNTIL...
I AM MILES FROM WHERE I WAS ATTACKED!
PERHAPS I WILL NOT BE SO SOON DISCOVERED HERE...!


BUT, AS THE REGAL FIGURE OF THE LORD OF ATLANTIS FEARLESSLY STRIDES THROUGH THE HOSTILE STREETS ONCE MORE, THE VOICE OF NUMBER ONE AGAIN REACHES HIS EARS...
I DO NOT WANT YOU CAP-TURED UNTIL YOUR WORK HAS BEEN DONE!
THERE-FORE, YOU MUST FOLLOW THESE INSTRUCT-IONS TO THE LETTER...
YOU ARE TOO CONSPICUOUS, WALKING ABOUT THE CITY IN THAT MANNER!
FIND THE NEAREST CLOTHING STORE, AND CONCEAL YOUR IDENTITY BY DONNING SOME ORDINARY-LOOKING STREET CLOTHES!
DO SO IMMEDIATELY!
WHY AM I HERE? WHAT AM I DOING?
DO NOT THINK! DO NOT QUESTION! SIMPLY OBEY!
CRRASH!!
I MUST DO AS THE MASKED ONE COMMANDS!
QUICKLY! QUICKLY! YOU HAVE MADE TOO MUCH NOISE! CONCEAL YOURSELF AND LEAVE--- QUICKLY!

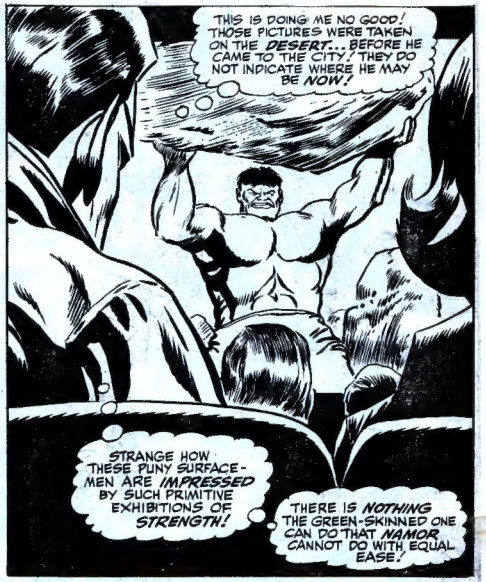
THERE ARE TIMES WHEN WORDS ARE TRULY UNNECESSARY...WHEN PICTURES CAN TELL THE STORY SO GRAPHICALLY...SO DRAMATICALLY ...THAT WE SHALL NOT INTRUDE WITH SUPERFLUOUS WORDAGE UPON THE ILLUMINATING ILLUSTRATIONS WHICH FOLLOW---
KRAK!

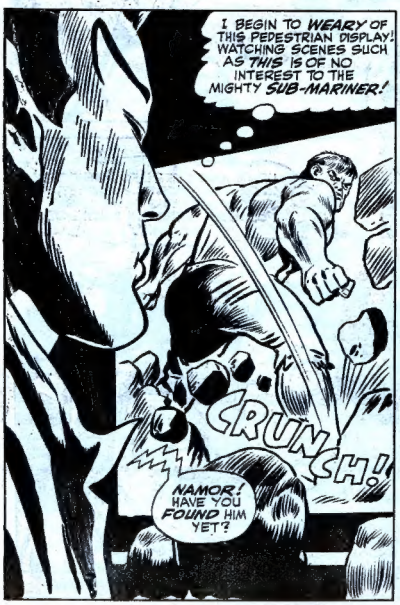
BUT NOW, LITERATURE LOVERS, IT'S TALK TIME AGAIN...!
YOUR BULLETS CANNOT HARM ME! GIVE ME THAT WEAPON!
SURE I WILL... WHEN IT SNOWS IN JULY!!
COME ON NOW, FISH MAN... I DON'T WANT TO SHOOT YOU! JUST GIVE YOURSELF UP, AND... STOP! STAY BACK! DON'T COME ANY FURTHER...!
I SAID STAY BACK! I'M WARNING YOU, MISTER...!
I MUST NOT BE STOPPED...!
PINING!
BAM!
GET HIS GUN! GET HIS GUN!
BWEEE
BAM!
A SHELL RICOCHETED... GRAZING HIS SCALP! HE HAS LOST CONSCIOUSNESS!
HE MAY NEED MEDICAL ATTENTION!
I HEAR SIRENS! OTHERS APPROACH!
LEAVE HIM! GET AWAY WHILE YOU CAN! THE POLICE WILL LOOK AFTER HIM!
I MUST GET AWAY...!
AND SO, NAMOR THE FIRST, THE PRINCELY SUB-MARINER, SILENTLY FADES AWAY INTO THE ENVELOPING NIGHT...



*IF NAMOR WERE IN FULL POSSESSION OF HIS MEMORY, HE WOULD SURELY RECALL HAVING BATTLED THE INCREDIBLE HULK WHILE THE GREEN-SKINNED RAMPAGER WAS A MEMBER OF THE MIGHTY AVENGERS! ('WAY BACK IN SMASH 36)... SMART-ALECK ALF.

WOW! LOOK AT THE SIZE OF THAT GUY! HOW'D YOU LIKE TO BUMP INTO HIM IN A DARK ALLEY?
PERSONALLY, I THINK IT'S ALL DONE WITH TRICK PHOTOGRAPHY! HOW COME NOBODY THAT WE KNOW HAS EVER SEEN A SO-CALLED SUPER-CHARACTER IN REAL LIFE?!!
OR EVEN IN A WELL-LIGHTED ONE?
IF YOU ASK ME, THERE'S NO SUCH THING AS A SUPER-POWERED BEING! AT LEAST, I'VE NEVER RUN INTO ONE!


THIS IS DOING ME NO GOOD! THOSE PICTURES WERE TAKEN ON THE DESERT... BEFORE HE CAME TO THE CITY! THEY DO NOT INDICATE WHERE HE MAY BE NOW!
STRANGE HOW THESE PUNY SURFACE-MEN ARE IMPRESSED BY SUCH PRIMITIVE EXHIBITIONS OF STRENGTH!
THERE IS NOTHING THE GREEN-SKINNED ONE CAN DO THAT NAMOR CANNOT DO WITH EQUAL EASE!


I BEGIN TO WEARY OF THIS PEDESTRIAN DISPLAY! WATCHING SCENES SUCH AS THIS IS OF NO INTEREST TO THE MIGHTY SUB-MARINER!
CRUNSH!
NAMOR! HAVE YOU FOUND HIM YET?

HARRY, DID YOU HEAR SOMETHING?
HEAR WHAT, HONEY?
THEY HAVE OVER-HEARD THE HOODED ONE!
NAMOR! I COMMAND YOU... ANSWER ME! YOU MUST OBEY!
BE SILENT! THERE ARE OTHERS ABOUT!

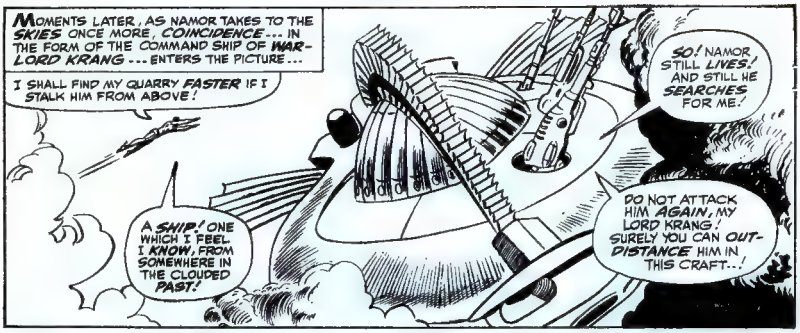
I CAN DELAY NO LONGER! NONE SHALL TRAP PRINCE NAMOR! NONE HAVE THE POWER TO STAND IN MY WAY!

GO AFTER THE HULK! LET NOTHING IMPEDE YOUR PROGRESS! FIND THE HULK!

PARENTHETICALLY, WE FEEL IT BEHOVES US TO MENTION THAT SOMEWHERE IN THE CITY THERE NOW LIVES A YOUNG LADY WHO, SINCE THAT VERY NIGHT, HAS NEVER AGAIN BEEN KNOWN TO QUESTION THE EXISTENCE OF ANY SUPER-POWERED CAVORTERS! (JUST THOUGHT YOU'D LIKE TO KNOW!) --- ALF.

WITNESS THE GREATEST SCREEN SPECTACULAR EVER TO HIT THE CINEMA! YOU'VE HEARD OF 3D BUT THIS IS RIDICULOUS! INCIDENTALLY YOU'RE WASTING TIME READING THIS BOX, FRANTIC ONES, QUICK... EYES RIGHT!!!
TICKET
LENS
NOW

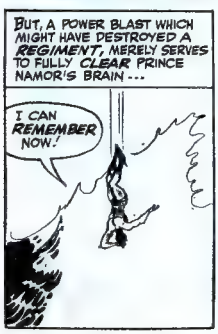
WITHIN SECONDS, THE SUPREMELY POWERFUL SUB-MARINER HAS BULLDOZED HIS WAY OUT OF THE PACKED THEATRE AND INTO THE STREET ONCE MORE ...
NO MERE HUMANS CAN STAND IN THE WAY OF PRINCE NAMOR!!
DO THEY THINK THAT ONE WHO HAS THE POWER TO BATTLE THE HULK, SINGLE-HANDED, CAN BE AFFECTED BY THE FRANTIC JOSTLING OF A MINDLESS CROWD??!
BUT, FOR TOO LONG HAVE I WORN THIS USELESS, SENSELESS SURFACE ATTIRE!
IT IS NOT FITTING THAT THE LORD OF THE DEEP SHOULD BE CONFINED BY GARMENTS DESIGNED FOR LESSER MORTALS!
NO LONGER SHALL I ATTEMPT TO CONCEAL MY IDENTITY!
WHATEVER FATE BEFALLS ... I SHALL FACE IT AS BEFITS MY ROYAL BIRTHRIGHT ... AS NAMOR THE FIRST, SOVEREIGN OF THE UNDERSEA EMPIRE!
IF ONLY I COULD REMEMBER WHY I HAVE COME TO THE ACCURSED SURFACE WORLD ... WHY I MUST FIND, AND DEFEAT, THE HULK!
BUT, NO MATTER! WHAT MUST BE ... MUST BE!

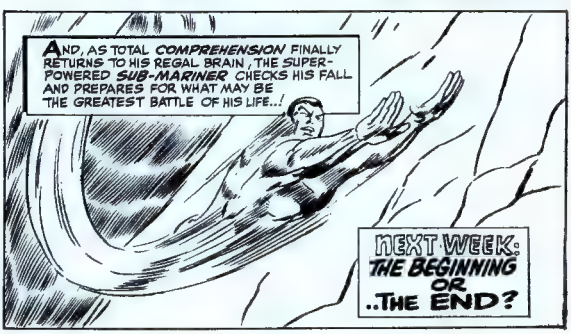

MOMENTS LATER, AS NAMOR TAKES TO THE SKIES ONCE MORE, COINCIDENCE... IN THE FORM OF THE COMMAND SHIP OF WAR-LORD KRANG ... ENTERS THE PICTURE...
I SHALL FIND MY QUARRY FASTER IF I STALK HIM FROM ABOVE!
A SHIP! ONE WHICH I FEEL I KNOW, FROM SOMEWHERE IN THE CLOUDED PAST!
SO! NAMOR STILL LIVES! AND STILL HE SEARCHES FOR ME!
DO NOT ATTACK HIM AGAIN, MY LORD KRANG! SURELY YOU CAN OUT-DISTANCE HIM IN THIS CRAFT...!

NAY, LADY DORMA! WHILE NAMOR LIVES, OUR LIVES SHALL EVER BE IN JEOPARDY!
BUT, IF HE DIES... THEN MY HEART MUST PERISH AS WELL!
NONSENSE!

WITH NAMOR GONE, YOU WILL HAVE NO CHOICE BUT TO DEVOTE YOURSELF TO ME!
PSAP!

UNHHHH...
SPLAP!


BUT, A POWER BLAST WHICH MIGHT HAVE DESTROYED A REGIMENT, MERELY SERVES TO FULLY CLEAR PRINCE NAMOR'S BRAIN...
I CAN REMEMBER NOW!


AND, AS TOTAL COMPREHENSION FINALLY RETURNS TO HIS REGAL BRAIN, THE SUPER-POWERED SUB-MARINER CHECKS HIS FALL AND PREPARES FOR WHAT MAY BE THE GREATEST BATTLE OF HIS LIFE...!
NEXT WEEK: THE BEGINNING OR ..THE END?

TERRIFIC NEWS!

SEND YOUR LETTERS TO:— *TERRIFIC* 64, LONG ACRE LONDON, W.C.2

Dear Alf and Bart,
I wonder if it is by accident or not that the FANTASTIC (double underlined), or should I say TERRIFIC (double underlined) Prince Namor's name is *Roman* spelt backwards ?
Yours faithfully (double underlined),
Peter Mills (double underlined),
Sutton-in-Ashfield, Notts.

It's accident, Pete (triple underlined) and it's also pure coincidence that Cos (no underline) is *Sock* misspelt backwards, and there's no truth in the rumour that Bart (no underline) has a super-villainous alias called TRAB (Bart backwards) who walks everywhere backwards, spreading confusion with a seebackascope screwed into his eye !
FLA (triple underlined).

Dear Bart and Alf,
(I'm a fan of yours, Bart). Shees ! by the mist of the Hoggoth and the fiery wrath of Dormammu, I buy all of the Power Comics and I think they are cool, tuff and great. But let us desist this flattery and now to the questions. How did the Ancient One get his powers ? Can anyone learn the magic of Dr. Strange ? Those questions have been in my head while I have been writing this letter. Please will you try to find the answers.
David Murphy,
Birkenhead, Ches.
P.S. Don't feel lonesome Alf, I love you too !
P.P.S. I hope you like the picture I have drawn, it's for you Bart.

The Ancient One gained his powers the same way Dr. Strange did—he was accepted as the disciple of the man who was the Ancient One before him and trained in the magic arts just as Mordo and the Doc did in TERRIFIC 1. When the former Ancient One died the man who is now the Ancient One took over, just as when *he* dies his mantle will fall upon Dr. Strange.
The mysterious door that leads to the occult world is open to few mortals, Dave, but maybe you could buy yourself a conjuring outfit !
And thanks for that drawing, David. It's great.
Bart.

Dear Alf and Bart,
Grr ! ! Grr ! ! I could clobber Mike Storey who wrote in some time ago attacking Captain America. Would you smile if you'd lost your partner and thought you were responsible ! ? Answer me that ! ! Snarl ! ! He has no respect for other people's feelin's. I simply *adore* Cap'n America ! Please could you tell me whether you pronounce Namor, NAmor or NamOr.
I think you only answer letters when you can think up good answers.
Sarah Christie, Petts Wood, Kent.

Namor is the name that flies from the frantic lips of the dwellers in the Surface World when Subby pops his head out of the deep, Sarah. Just as No More is the plea that meets our ears each time we write another of these brilliant, witty, informative answers !
Alf and Bart.

Dear Alf and Bart,
I reckon your comics, POW, SMASH, etc. are entertaining, and way out. I was very pleased with the free gifts you had in each one. The Power House Pennants, free in FANTASTIC were brilliant, and I even sent one to my penfriend in America ! He wrote back and thanked me for sending them. Very soon, my pen friend is going to set up a TERRIFIC and FANTASTIC Fan Club.
Congratulations, Alf and Bart ! I think the world is lucky to have such fine editors
Stephen Meadows,
Hateley Heath,
West Bromwich, Staffs.

The garret is buzzing with your exciting news about Transatlantic Fan Clubs, Stevie. Excuse us while we go and swing around the rafters awhile.
Alf and Bart.

Dear Alf and Bart,
When CAP joined the AVENGERS, Iron Man said his name was McCoy, in fact his name is Steve Rogers. My sister says it is just an expression of speech and if she is right I will need a pound note to pay for her funeral expenses.
Sister-pecked Kevin O'Shea,
Camberwell, London, S.E.5.

Your sister's right, sister-pecked, Kevin O'Shea, the *real McCoy* means the *real thing*. If you've any cash left after the funeral why not buy a dictionary ?
Alf and Bart.

Dear Alf and Bart,
How *dare* Andrew Hopen, London N.W.2 suggest Namor should be replaced by Daredevil. Doesn't he know that Namor *makes* TERRIFIC what it is ! The Don Starr story is also good and I rate The Avengers highly. If anyone has got to go, make it Doc. Strange. Sorry if I'm offending his fans but I just don't like him.

P.S. Why do so many people put a P.S. at the end of their letters ?
Kay Banres,
Shildon, Durham.

Could be they'd feel foolish if they put one at the beginning.
Alf and Bert.

Dear Alf and Bart.
Have you guys any idea how to beat the rain to the newsagents. Last week when going for my POW, WHAM, SMASH and FANTASTIC as well as TERRIFIC, I got SOCKING wet and not only did I get wet BUT so did my FANTASTIC POWER MAGS. I was running as fast as the rain was coming down and, man, was that fast, when suddenly out of nowhere came a stupid looking nitwit in a dalek suit of all things. POW ! WHAM ! SMASH ! went my TERRIFIC, FANTASTIC POWER MAGS and SPLASH ! (not a bad name for a new POWER MAG), they went into a puddle at the side of the road and I (*me*, an innocent reader of POWER MAGS) went sprawling on the footpath. I got up, picked up my soaking wet Mags, turned around, took off his head (don't be alarmed I mean his helmet) and belted him one in the kisser (ahem, mouth) and ran ! When I got home I got into a lot of trouble. NO POWER MAGS, DOWN IN THE MOUTH, any chance of a loan of say £1 for a replacement of my wet POWER MAGS ? PLEASE EXCUSE MY BADTIPING, I AM REALLY A NOVICE, ALSO EXCUSE BAD SPELLING AS I AM IN BED SICK.
Yours hopingly,
Martin Doyle,
Dublin 5.

That spelling may not have been so bad after all, Martin, it seems you really were *socking* wet ! !
Alf and Bart.

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Commemorative from former BR. GUIANA + 50 MORE!

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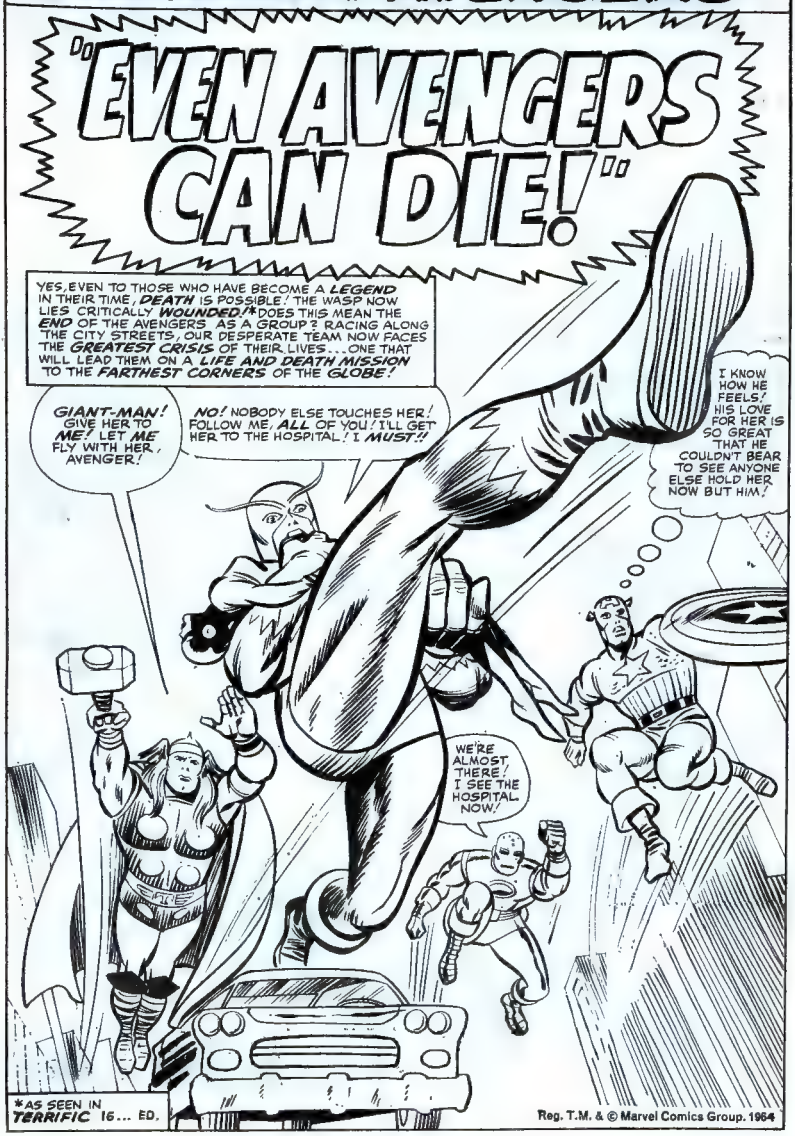
The MIGHTY AVENGERS



*AS SEEN IN TERRIFIC 16... ED.

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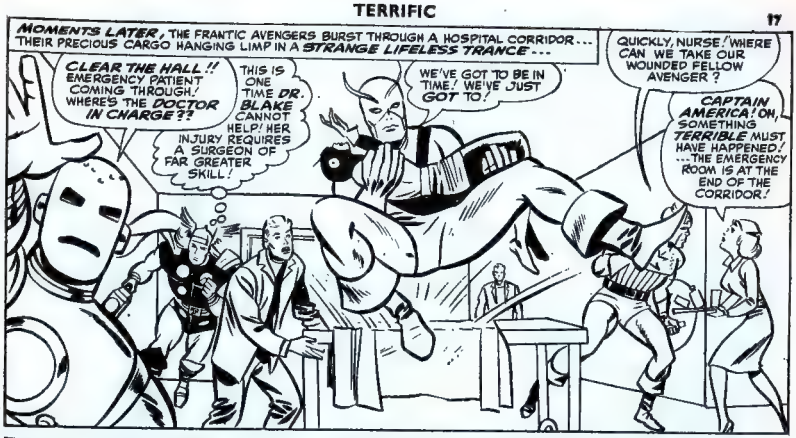
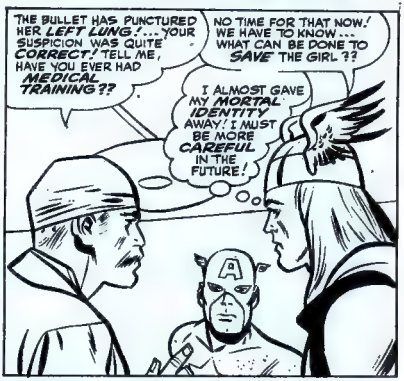
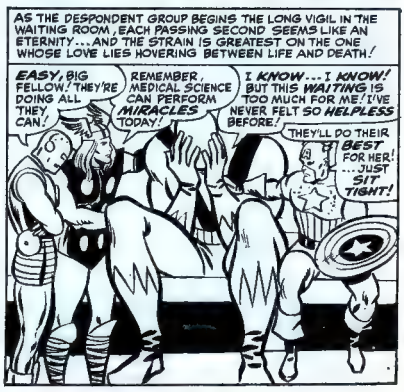

MOMENTS LATER, THE FRANTIC AVENGERS BURST THROUGH A HOSPITAL CORRIDOR... THEIR PRECIOUS CARGO HANGING LIMP IN A STRANGE LIFELESS TRANCE...
CLEAR THE HALL!! EMERGENCY PATIENT COMING THROUGH! WHERE'S THE DOCTOR IN CHARGE??
THIS IS ONE TIME DR. BLAKE CANNOT HELP! HER INJURY REQUIRES A SURGEON OF FAR GREATER SKILL!
WE'VE GOT TO BE IN TIME! WE'VE JUST GOT TO!
QUICKLY, NURSE! WHERE CAN WE TAKE OUR WOUNDED FELLOW AVENGER?
CAPTAIN AMERICA! OH, SOMETHING TERRIBLE MUST HAVE HAPPENED! ...THE EMERGENCY ROOM IS AT THE END OF THE CORRIDOR!

INSIDE THE EMERGENCY ROOM, A GRIM-FACED PHYSICIAN EXAMINES THE MOTIONLESS PATIENT ON THE TABLE...
ALL MY STRENGTH...ALL MY POWER...USELESS TO ME NOW!! ONLY A STRANGER'S SKILL CAN SAVE THE ONE I LOVE!
SHE APPEARS TO HAVE DIFFICULTY BREATHING!...I SUSPECT HER LUNG HAS BEEN INJURED!
WILL SHE MAKE IT, DOC? CAN YOU PULL HER THROUGH?


THE BULLET HAS PUNCTURED HER LEFT LUNG!...YOUR SUSPICION WAS QUITE CORRECT! TELL ME, HAVE YOU EVER HAD MEDICAL TRAINING??
NO TIME FOR THAT NOW! WE HAVE TO KNOW... WHAT CAN BE DONE TO SAVE THE GIRL??
I ALMOST GAVE MY MORTAL IDENTITY AWAY! I MUST BE MORE CAREFUL IN THE FUTURE!

WE CANNOT BE CERTAIN UNTIL WE TAKE X-RAYS! THE PICTURES WILL TELL US TO WHAT EXTENT THE LUNG HAS BEEN DAMAGED!
WHY DON'T YOU ALL RETIRE TO THE WAITING ROOM? IT WILL BE A HALF HOUR BEFORE WE KNOW!
THEN WE STILL CAN'T KNOW...WE STILL MUST WAIT...: UNABLE TO AID HER! ALL OF US...HELPLESS!
THERE'S NOTHING LEFT FOR US NOW, EXCEPT PRAYER!


AS THE DESPONDENT GROUP BEGINS THE LONG VIGIL IN THE WAITING ROOM, EACH PASSING SECOND SEEMS LIKE AN ETERNITY...AND THE STRAIN IS GREATEST ON THE ONE WHOSE LOVE LIES HOVERING BETWEEN LIFE AND DEATH!
EASY, BIG FELLOW! THEY'RE DOING ALL THEY CAN!
REMEMBER, MEDICAL SCIENCE CAN PERFORM MIRACLES TODAY!
I KNOW...I KNOW! BUT THIS WAITING IS TOO MUCH FOR ME! I'VE NEVER FELT SO HELPLESS BEFORE!
THEY'LL DO THEIR BEST FOR HER! ...JUST SIT TIGHT!

THIRTY MINUTES LATER, AS THE EXCRUCIATING ORDEAL BECOMES VIRTUALLY *UNBEARABLE*, THE DOCTOR RETURNS, A *SOMBRE LOOK* UPON HIS FACE, AS HE ANNOUNCES THE *DREAD VERDICT!*

I'M AFRAID I HAVE *BAD NEWS!* IT'S JUST AS I *SUSPECTED!* THE PATIENT IS IN *CRITICAL CONDITION!*

THAT EXPLAINS *NOTHING!* HOW CRITICAL *IS* SHE? WHAT CAN BE *DONE* FOR HER? *SPEAK*, MAN!!

TELL US EVERY-THING, DOCTOR!

I WAS AFRAID OF THIS! I HOPE GIANT-MAN CAN *TAKE* IT!

I KNOW THE *TORMENT* WHICH MUST BE FILLING THE GIANT'S BREAST!

AS THE OMINOUS WORDS EMERGE FROM HIS LIPS, EACH GRIM SYLLABLE STRIKES AT THE VERY *FIBRE* OF GIANT-MAN'S BEING, UNTIL HE JUST *STANDS THERE, NUMB* WITH *DISBELIEF*...

THE DAMAGE IS VERY *SERIOUS!* IT'S ONLY A MATTER OF TIME BEFORE HER LEFT LUNG COLLAPSES *COMPLETELY!* THE RIGHT LUNG WILL THEN DETERIORATE *ALSO!*

X-RAY NEGATIVES

TO PUT IT MORE *PRECISELY*, GENTLEMEN... THE GIRL CAN'T LAST FOR MORE THAN *48 HOURS!!*

THEN, AS IF AROUSED FROM SOME HIDEOUS NIGHTMARE, THE WORDS FINALLY SINK IN, AND THE GIANT AVENGER SUDDENLY GOES *BERSERK*...

CALM DOWN, FELLA! YOU'RE JUST MAKING THINGS *WORSE!*

NO! NO! YOU INCOMPETENT *FRAUD!* YOU *COULDN'T* HAVE READ THAT X-RAY RIGHT! SHE'S GOING TO *LIVE*, I TELL YOU! WASP IS *NOT* GOING TO *DIE!* SAY IT! SAY YOU CAN *SAVE* HER!!

UNHAND HIM! GET *HOLD* OF YOURSELF! AN AVENGER MUST BE MADE OF *STERNER STUFF!*

MOMENTARILY BLINDED BY RAGE, THE HULKING GIANT SLOWLY *REGAINS* HIS SENSES, RELEASING HIS MIGHTY GRIP ON THE PHYSICIAN...

IT'S ALL RIGHT, PARTNER! WE KNOW HOW YOU *FEEL!*

MUSTN'T CRACK UP! MUST KEEP MY *HEAD!* *MUST!* WASP *NEEDS* ME NOW! BUT, WHAT IS THERE TO *DO?*

DOCTOR, ARE YOU QUITE *CERTAIN* THAT NOTHING CAN BE DONE? SURELY THERE MUST BE *SOME* CHANCE???

WAIT A MINUTE!... YES... THERE *IS* A CHANCE... A *REMOTE* ONE, TO BE SURE! THERE IS A DOCTOR... LET ME SEE... A *DOCTOR SVENSON*... IN *NORWAY*... KNOWN FOR HIS EXPERIMENTS IN LUNG RESTORATION! IF *ANY* MAN CAN SAVE HER... *HE* CAN!!

DOCTOR SVENSON!! I REMEMBER READING ABOUT HIS WORK SOME MONTHS AGO! DO THE FATES NOW DECREE THAT IT BE *HIS* DESTINY TO SAVE AN *AVENGER?*

AS THOR TELLS HIS GRIEF-STRICKEN COMRADES OF THIS ONE SLIM CHANCE, A FAINT GLIMMER OF *HOPE* BEGINS TO PERVADE THE ROOM...

BUT HOW CAN WE GET HIM HERE *IN TIME?* YOU HEARD THE DOCTOR... HE GIVES WASP ONLY *48 HOURS!*

THOR!... YOU CAN DO IT! ONLY *YOU* CAN SPAN THE SEA IN MINUTES! YOU'VE GOT TO *DO* IT!!

YES, AVENGER! WHATEVER FLESH AND BLOOD CAN ACCOMPLISH, THOR SHALL DO!

THUS, SHORTLY AFTERWARDS, A FAMILIAR COSTUMED FIGURE IS SEEN HURTLING OUT INTO SPACE... UNFLINCHING DETERMINATION ETCHED ON EVERY LINE OF HIS NOBLE FEATURES!

I SHALL NOT FAIL MY FELLOW AVENGERS! SOME-HOW... SOME WAY...I WILL DO IT! YET, EVEN AFTER I FIND DOCTOR SVENSON, HOW CAN I BE CERTAIN HE WILL SAVE THE WASP??

YOU'RE IMAGINING THINGS, HENRY! NOW GET AWAY FROM THAT WINDOW!

AS THE SPEEDING IMMORTAL OVERTAKES PLANE AFTER PLANE ON A NON-STOP RACE AGAINST DEATH, HE CANNOT BUT PONDER HOW THE ODDS ARE STACKED AGAINST HIM...

I PRAY THE FATES SMILE IN MY FAVOUR! ...WHO CAN KNOW IF THE DOCTOR STILL LIVES... PERHAPS HE IS NO LONGER IN NORWAY? THEN AGAIN, HAS HE PERFECTED HIS EXPERIMENTS TO WORK ON MORTALS?

NOTHING CAN BE GAINED BY ALL THESE WILD IMAGININGS! IT IS OUR ONLY CHANCE, AND BY THE STARS OF ASGARD, I SHALL SEE IT THROUGH!

IF THE ONE I SEEK STILL LIVES IN NORWAY, THE ENCHANTED URU POWER OF MY HAMMER SHALL LEAD ME TO THE VERY SPOT!

FINALLY, IN A MAJESTIC SWEEP FROM THE SKY, THOR LANDS UPON AN OBSCURE NORSE ROOFTOP...AND FOLLOWS THE SUBTLE, TINGLING PULL OF HIS MIGHTY MALLET, UNTIL...

THAT MUST BE THE ONE I SEEK! BUT, WHY DOES MY HAMMER STILL TINGLE? I MUST SUMMON HIM QUICKLY!

DOCTOR SVENSON!

GO AWAY, WHOEVER YOU ARE! CAN'T YOU SEE I'M IN THE MIDDLE OF AN INTRICATE EXPERIMENT? YOU ALMOST MADE ME SPILL THIS FORMULA!

THERE IS NO FANCY DRESS PARTY IN THIS HOUSE! OUT!...OUT THIS INSTANT, DO YOU HEAR? WHATEVER YOU WANT, I CANNOT HELP YOU! LEAVE, OR I'LL HAVE YOU THROWN OUT!

YOU DO NOT UNDERSTAND, IMPATIENT ONE! I COME TO SEEK YOUR PROFESSIONAL HELP! IN AMERICA, A YOUNG FEMALE LIES DYING OF LUNG DAMAGE...YOU PERFORM OPERATIONS OF THIS NATURE... ONLY YOU CAN MAKE HER WELL AGAIN! YOU MUST COME!

THEN, WITHOUT GIVING THE BEARDED SURGEON A CHANCE TO REPLY, ONE OF THE MOST POWERFUL ARMS IN THE UNIVERSE SEIZES HIM AS THOUGH HE'S WEIGHTLESS, AND....

THERE IS NO TIME FOR DISCOURSE, OBSTINATE ONE! LET US CONTINUE THE MATTER EN ROUTE! RIGHT NOW YOU ARE FLYING WITH THOR!

WHA-AT?? WHAT NONSENSE IS THIS? PUT ME DOWN, YOU LUNATIC!

YOU DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU'RE DOING! I'M NOT THE MAN YOU THINK! YOU'RE MAKING A MISTAKE!

RETRACING HIS BREATH-TAKING FLIGHT OVER THE SEA, THOR RETURNS TO HIS HIS DESTINATION IN LESS THAN ONE HOUR!

DOCTOR SVENSON! BUT HOW?..SO QUICKLY?

NEVER MIND THAT!...HERE IS YOUR PATIENT, DOCTOR!

NO! NO! I CAN'T HELP HER! I CAN'T!

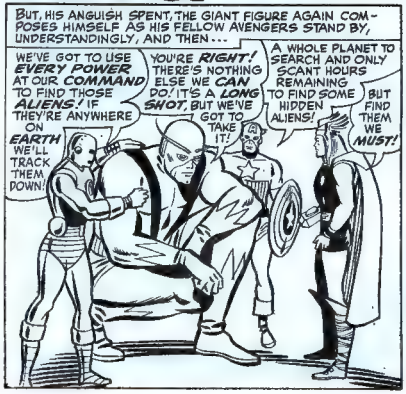
THOR, I'LL NEVER FORGET YOU FOR THIS...NEVER! IT LOOKS LIKE THE BREAK WE'VE BEEN WAITING FOR!

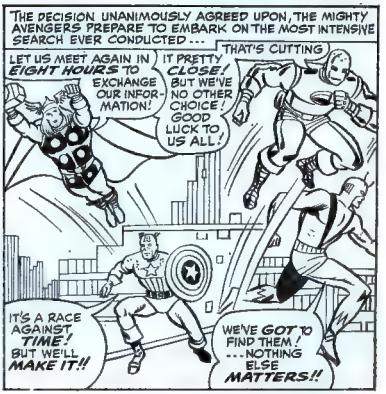
BUT, WHY DOES SVENSON REFUSE?

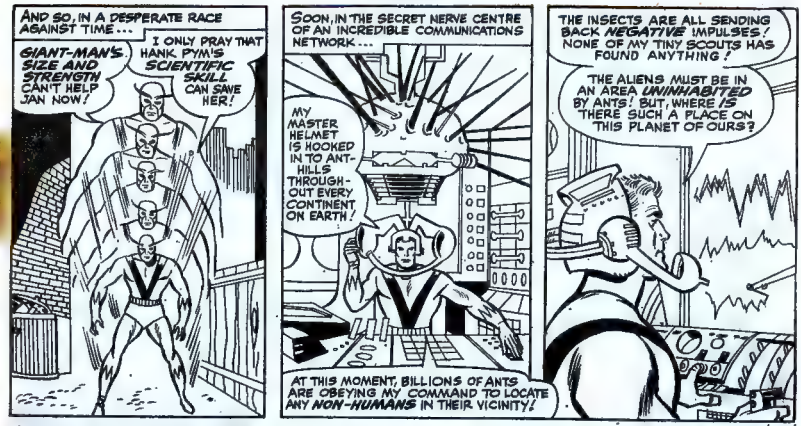
AS THE NORSE DOCTOR REFUSES TO EVEN EXAMINE THE PATIENT, GIANT-MAN CAN CONTROL HIMSELF NO LONGER... AND, IN ANOTHER FIT OF UNRESTRAINED FURY, ATTACKS HIM...
YOU WILL DO IT! I'LL MAKE YOU CURE HER!
WHA-A...?? WHAT'S THIS? HIS FACE CAME OFF IN MY HANDS! IT'S A PLASTIC MASK!!
I TOLD YOU TO LEAVE ME ALONE, YOU FOOLS! I'M NOT THE REAL DOCTOR! I'M NOT EVEN FROM YOUR PLANET! I'M FROM ANOTHER GALAXY!!

IT'S IN-CREDIBLE! I JUST CAN'T BELIEVE IT!
THE REAL DOCTOR IS BEING HELD BY MY PEOPLE, HIDDEN HERE ON EARTH!
ARG-GH! MY THROAT! I CAN'T BREATHE! I'M... I'M DYING!!
NO! YOU CAN'T! NOT BEFORE YOU TELL US WHERE YOUR PEOPLE ARE! THOR COMMANDS YOU!!

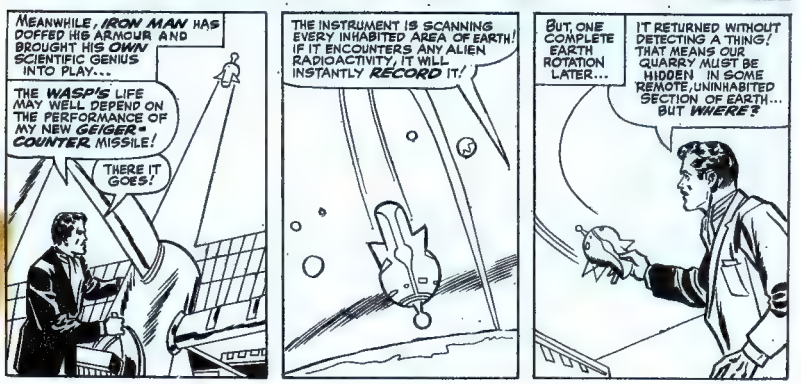
BUT, BEFORE THE FANTASTIC IMPOSTOR CAN FINISH HIS STORY...
IT IS TOO LATE! HE IS DEAD! NEVER BEFORE HAVE I WITNESSED SO STRANGE AN EVENT!
MY URU HAMMER TOLD ME SOMETHING WAS AMISS! BUT I DID NOT HEED IT!
YOU BRING BACK A SURGEON WHO TURNS OUT TO BE AN ALIEN... THEN SUDDENLY DIES FOR NO APPARENT REASON! WHAT DOES IT ALL ADD UP TO?
DON'T TAKE IT SO HARD, BIG FELLOW! WE'LL STILL SEARCH FOR THE REAL DOCTOR SVENSON! THE AVENGERS AREN'T BEATEN YET!
IT DOES LOOK BAD! ...BUT HOW CAN I BRING MYSELF TO TELL HIM?
OUR LAST HOPE...GONE! NOTHING MORE WE CAN DO! SOMEHOW I FEEL IT WAS MY FAULT... WHY DID I HAVE TO TAKE WASP WITH ME ON THAT LAST ASSIGNMENT? ... WHY COULDN'T THAT BULLET HAVE HIT ME INSTEAD OF HER?

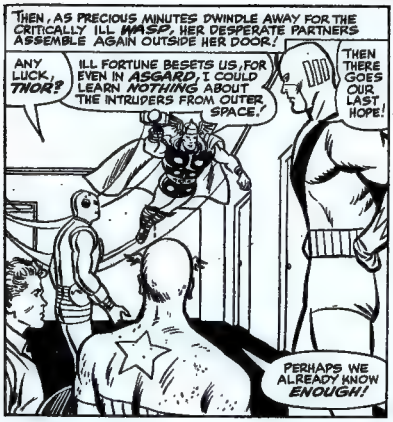

BUT, HIS ANGUISH SPENT, THE GIANT FIGURE AGAIN COMPOSES HIMSELF AS HIS FELLOW AVENGERS STAND BY, UNDERSTANDINGLY, AND THEN...
WE'VE GOT TO USE EVERY POWER AT OUR COMMAND TO FIND THOSE ALIENS! IF THEY'RE ANYWHERE ON EARTH WE'LL TRACK THEM DOWN!
YOU'RE RIGHT! THERE'S NOTHING ELSE WE CAN DO! IT'S A LONG SHOT, BUT WE'VE GOT TO TAKE IT!
A WHOLE PLANET TO SEARCH AND ONLY SCANT HOURS REMAINING TO FIND SOME HIDDEN ALIENS!
BUT FIND THEM WE MUST!

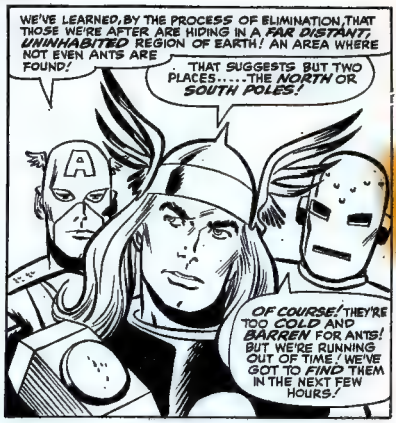

THE DECISION UNANIMOUSLY AGREED UPON, THE MIGHTY AVENGERS PREPARE TO EMBARK ON THE MOST INTENSIVE SEARCH EVER CONDUCTED...
LET US MEET AGAIN IN EIGHT HOURS TO EXCHANGE OUR INFORMATION!
IT PRETTY CLOSE! BUT WE'VE NO OTHER CHOICE! GOOD LUCK TO US ALL!
THAT'S CUTTING
IT'S A RACE AGAINST TIME! BUT WE'LL MAKE IT!!
WE'VE GOT TO FIND THEM! ...NOTHING ELSE MATTERS!!

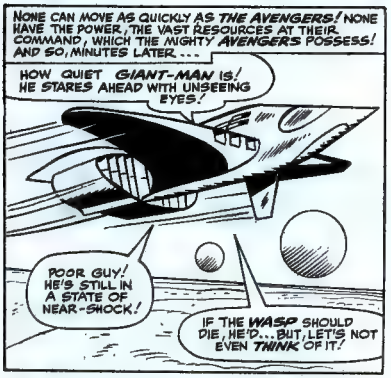

AND SO, IN A DESPERATE RACE AGAINST TIME...
GIANT-MAN'S SIZE AND STRENGTH CAN'T HELP JAN NOW!
I ONLY PRAY THAT HANK PYM'S SCIENTIFIC SKILL CAN SAVE HER!
SOON, IN THE SECRET NERVE CENTRE OF AN INCREDIBLE COMMUNICATIONS NETWORK...
MY MASTER HELMET IS HOOKED IN TO ANT-HILLS THROUGH-OUT EVERY CONTINENT ON EARTH!
AT THIS MOMENT, BILLIONS OF ANTS ARE OBEYING MY COMMAND TO LOCATE ANY NON-HUMANS IN THEIR VICINITY!
THE INSECTS ARE ALL SENDING BACK NEGATIVE IMPULSES! NONE OF MY TINY SCOUTS HAS FOUND ANYTHING!
THE ALIENS MUST BE IN AN AREA UNINHABITED BY ANTS! BUT, WHERE IS THERE SUCH A PLACE ON THIS PLANET OF OURS?

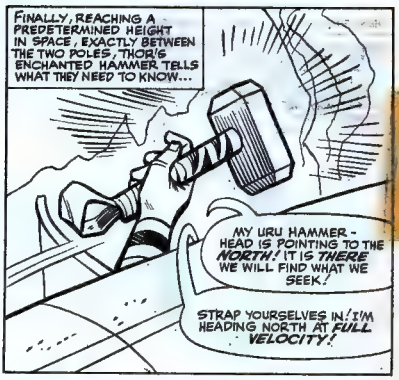
AND, AT THAT INSTANT, ATOP A NEARBY MOUNTAIN...
ANY STRANGE SIGNALS YET?
NOT ONE THAT'S OUT OF THE ORDINARY, CAP! LOOKS LIKE WE SET UP OUR GIANT ANTENNA FOR NOTHING!
YEAH, ALL OUR TEEN BRIGADE'S GOT TO SHOW FOR ITS WORK IS BLISTERS!
MORE THAN BLISTERS! OUR AERIAL IS INTER-CEPTING SIGNALS FROM ALL THE CIVILIZED CORNERS OF EARTH! NOW, AT ANY RATE, WE KNOW WHERE THE ALIENS AREN'T HIDING!
C'MON, RICK... TIME FOR US TO JOIN THE OTHER AVENGERS!

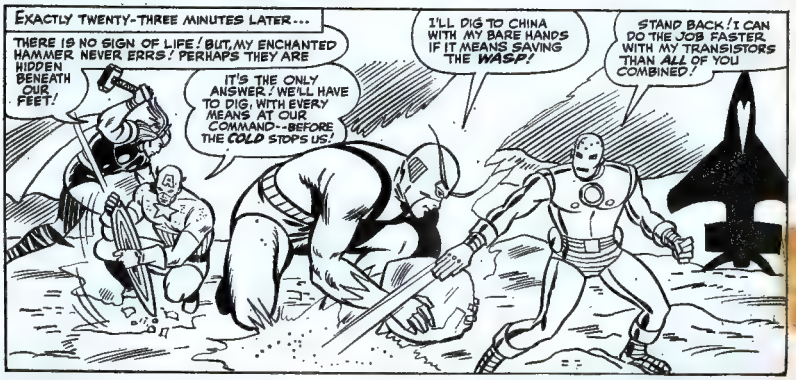

MEANWHILE, IRON MAN HAS DOFFED HIS ARMOUR AND BROUGHT HIS OWN SCIENTIFIC GENIUS INTO PLAY...
THE WASP'S LIFE MAY WELL DEPEND ON THE PERFORMANCE OF MY NEW GEIGER-COUNTER MISSILE!
THERE IT GOES!
THE INSTRUMENT IS SCANNING EVERY INHABITED AREA OF EARTH! IF IT ENCOUNTERS ANY ALIEN RADIOACTIVITY, IT WILL INSTANTLY RECORD IT!
BUT, ONE COMPLETE EARTH ROTATION LATER...
IT RETURNED WITHOUT DETECTING A THING! THAT MEANS OUR QUARRY MUST BE HIDDEN IN SOME REMOTE, UNINHABITED SECTION OF EARTH... BUT WHERE?

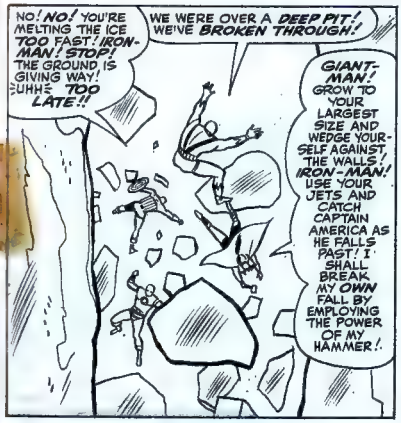

THEN, AS PRECIOUS MINUTES DWINDLE AWAY FOR THE CRITICALLY ILL WASP, HER DESPERATE PARTNERS ASSEMBLE AGAIN OUTSIDE HER DOOR!
ANY LUCK, THOR?
ILL FORTUNE BESETS US, FOR EVEN IN ASGARD, I COULD LEARN NOTHING ABOUT THE INTRUDERS FROM OUTER SPACE!
THEN THERE GOES OUR LAST HOPE!
PERHAPS WE ALREADY KNOW ENOUGH!

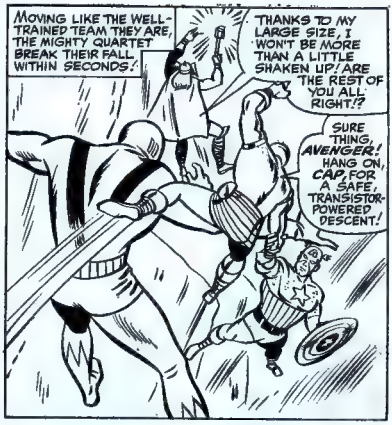

WE'VE LEARNED, BY THE PROCESS OF ELIMINATION, THAT THOSE WE'RE AFTER ARE HIDING IN A FAR DISTANT, UNINHABITED REGION OF EARTH! AN AREA WHERE NOT EVEN ANTS ARE FOUND!
THAT SUGGESTS BUT TWO PLACES.....THE NORTH OR SOUTH POLES!
OF COURSE! THEY'RE TOO COLD AND BARREN FOR ANTS! BUT WE'RE RUNNING OUT OF TIME! WE'VE GOT TO FIND THEM IN THE NEXT FEW HOURS!

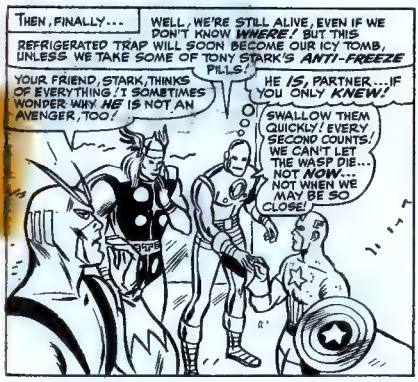

NONE CAN MOVE AS QUICKLY AS THE AVENGERS! NONE HAVE THE POWER, THE VAST RESOURCES AT THEIR COMMAND, WHICH THE MIGHTY AVENGERS POSSESS! AND SO, MINUTES LATER...
HOW QUIET GIANT-MAN IS! HE STARES AHEAD WITH UNSEEING EYES!
POOR GUY! HE'S STILL IN A STATE OF NEAR-SHOCK!
IF THE WASP SHOULD DIE, HE'D... BUT, LET'S NOT EVEN THINK OF IT!


FINALLY, REACHING A PREDETERMINED HEIGHT IN SPACE, EXACTLY BETWEEN THE TWO POLES, THOR'S ENCHANTED HAMMER TELLS WHAT THEY NEED TO KNOW...
MY URU HAMMER-HEAD IS POINTING TO THE NORTH! IT IS THERE WE WILL FIND WHAT WE SEEK!
STRAP YOURSELVES IN! I'M HEADING NORTH AT FULL VELOCITY!


EXACTLY TWENTY-THREE MINUTES LATER...
THERE IS NO SIGN OF LIFE! BUT, MY ENCHANTED HAMMER NEVER ERRS! PERHAPS THEY ARE HIDDEN BENEATH OUR FEET!
IT'S THE ONLY ANSWER! WE'LL HAVE TO DIG, WITH EVERY MEANS AT OUR COMMAND--BEFORE THE COLD STOPS US!
I'LL DIG TO CHINA WITH MY BARE HANDS IF IT MEANS SAVING THE WASP!
STAND BACK! I CAN DO THE JOB FASTER WITH MY TRANSISTORS THAN ALL OF YOU COMBINED!

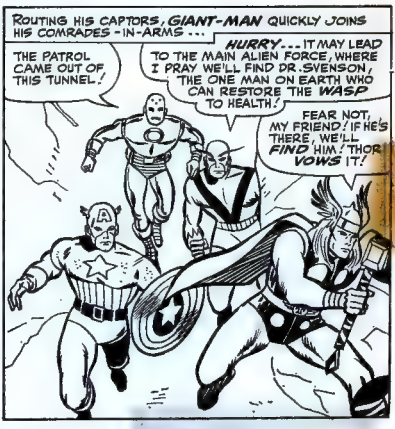

NO! NO! YOU'RE MELTING THE ICE TOO FAST! IRON-MAN! STOP! THE GROUND IS GIVING WAY! UHHH- TOO LATE!!
WE WERE OVER A DEEP PIT! WE'VE BROKEN THROUGH!
GIANT-MAN! GROW TO YOUR LARGEST SIZE AND WEDGE YOUR-SELF AGAINST THE WALLS! IRON-MAN! USE YOUR JETS AND CATCH CAPTAIN AMERICA AS HE FALLS PAST! I SHALL BREAK MY OWN FALL BY EMPLOYING THE POWER OF MY HAMMER!

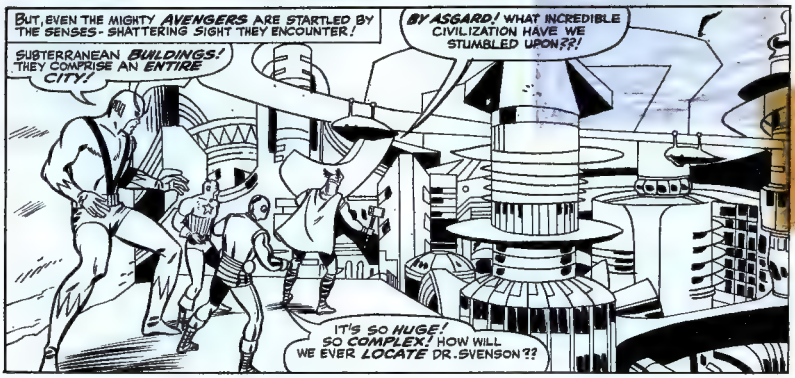

MOVING LIKE THE WELL-TRAINED TEAM THEY ARE, THE MIGHTY QUARTET BREAK THEIR FALL WITHIN SECONDS!
THANKS TO MY LARGE SIZE, I WON'T BE MORE THAN A LITTLE SHAKEN UP! ARE THE REST OF YOU ALL RIGHT!?
SURE THING, AVENGER! HANG ON, CAP, FOR A SAFE, TRANSISTOR-POWERED DESCENT!

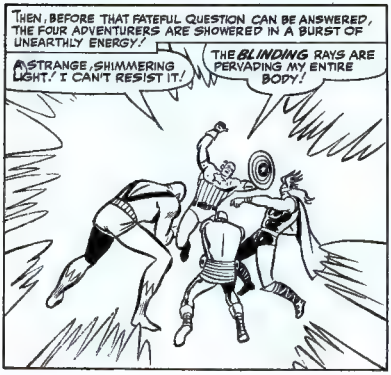

THEN, FINALLY...
WELL, WE'RE STILL ALIVE, EVEN IF WE DON'T KNOW WHERE! BUT THIS REFRIGERATED TRAP WILL SOON BECOME OUR ICY TOMB, UNLESS WE TAKE SOME OF TONY STARK'S ANTI-FREEZE PILLS!
YOUR FRIEND, STARK, THINKS OF EVERYTHING! I SOMETIMES WONDER WHY HE IS NOT AN AVENGER, TOO!
HE IS, PARTNER... IF YOU ONLY KNEW!
SWALLOW THEM QUICKLY! EVERY SECOND COUNTS! WE CAN'T LET THE WASP DIE... NOT NOW... NOT WHEN WE MAY BE SO CLOSE!

BUT SUDDENLY, A SECTION OF GLACIAL WALL SLIDES OPEN...
BEHOLD! EARTH-MEN!
THEY HAVE DIS-COVERED US! IF THEY ESCAPE, THEY WILL ALERT OTHERS!
FEAR NOT! OUR ICE-GUNS WILL STOP THEM!

ICE... FORMING ALL AROUND ME!
DON'T WORRY, BIG FELLA! WE WON'T LET THEM STOP US! WE CAN'T!
FIGHT, AVENGERS!! TO THE DEATH!
I SCORED A DIRECT HIT!







THUS ARE THE AVENGERS RENDERED POWERLESS, AS THE SECONDS SLIP AWAY AND THE WASP'S LIFE HANGS AS BY THREAD ABOVE ETERNITY. LET US NOW TAKE OUR LEAVE OF YOU, VOWING ONLY TO RETURN SEVEN DAYS HENCE TO CONTINUE THIS AWESOME, HISTORIC TALE.

These sporty machines have high rise handlebars, short sports mudguards and a three-speed Sturmey Archer gear with 'Sportshift' stub-type gear lever. They've got banana shaped pole saddles, sweptwing chainguards and lightweight Endrick rims.

There's only another month to go in our POWER POP competition so if anyone has FAILED to grasp this tremendous chance to own one of these dream bikes, grab a pen, READ THE RULES, and off you go !

If you *have* sent in an entry don't sit back looking smug—the more coupons you send us the greater your chance of winning. Just think of zooming down the road on one of these super Mustangs! Wandering super heroes would turn to mutter to themselves in admiration, the HULK himself would go a deeper shade of green, you would be the envy of the charted universe ! So jump to it !

HOW TO ENTER

Pierrots on the piers are strictly for squares ! What we want is pops in the Pavilion !

Imagine you were to be the producer of a pop show to run for the summer at a British seaside resort. If you could book TEN of the turns listed on your free entry coupon, which TEN would you choose in order to make the show the most entertaining one and a sure-fire success ?

Simply place a cross (X) in the blank spaces next to the TEN turns you select. You don't have to worry about the order in which they will appear—just mark ten crosses. If you are aged 10 or under you may complete your entries in pencil : older readers MUST use ink—pen or ball-point.

Next, add your age and your name and address in block letters, and post your entry in a sealed envelope (4d. postage) to the address shown on your entry coupon. Remember, you can post your coupon(s) now, or you can save them until the end of the competition. All entries must arrive by not later than FRIDAY, 8th SEPTEMBER, 1967.

RULES

There are ten prizes, each of a Raleigh Mustang bicycle. All entries will be examined, and the prizes awarded to the ten competitors who have, in the opinion of the judges, shown the most skill and judgement in selecting the ten turns which, together, would make a seaside summer pop show the most entertaining one and a sure-fire success. Should there be more than ten such entries, those tying will be invited to enter a free eliminating contest to decide the ten winners. No reader can win more than one award.

The competition is open to all readers in the U.K. and Eire other than children of employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and associated companies. Each reader is allowed to submit one entry coupon every week from each of the five Power comics in which this competition appears.

The decisions of the Managing Editor and the judges are final in all matters relating to the competition, and no correspondence will be entered into. The results will be published in the five Power Comics.

FREE ENTRY FORM
POWER POP COMPETITION

Place a cross (X) in the blank space against each of the TEN turns you select.

Bachelors		Monkees	
Barron Knights		Paul and Barry Ryan	
Cat Stevens		Petula Clark	
Cliff Richard		Sandie Shaw	
Dusty Springfield		Seekers	
Freddie and the Dreamers		Shadows	
Ken Dodd		Tom Jones	
Lulu		Tremeloes	
Mammas and Poppas		Val Doonican	
Manfred Mann		Walker Brothers	

AGE ..... NAME .....
Block letters

ADDRESS .....
Block letters

.....

.....

Post your entry to : POWER POP COMPETITION
96 LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.2B. 5.8.67

Cut around dotted line

news from the floor of 64

64, LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.2.

HAVE YOU NOTICED WHAT'S HAPPENED ? Do you comic-paper fans feel DIFFERENT ? You *should* because right now, all of a sudden (after years of incredible neglect by some eggheads who should have known better) comics are the ' IN ' thing ! !

You can see what we mean all around you! The design of up-to-the-minute posters and advertisements, the editorial pages of the big, glossy magazines . . . all are ' switched on ' to *comic-style* art and illustration, to the comic-style use of ' speech balloons ' to put across a message !

And that's not all ! Serious pop-art painters find their inspiration from such sources as the good ol' Power Pack ! The Tate Gallery (and you can't get much more highbrow than *that*) recently purchased a high-priced painting, by American artist Lichenstein, called " WHAAM " (and how's *that* for significant coincidence ?) which is based on a section of an adventure comic strip !

That's the way it is today ! Everyone's getting the message ! Comics are FUN ! Comics are STYLISH ! Comics are TREND ! *We* could have told them a long time ago, right ? But isn't it *nice* ? . . . knowing that WE'VE been on the swinging wavelength *all along* !

MEET TWENTY PROUD POWER-PACK PEOPLE

Pamela Hamilton, Middlesbrough, Yorks. ; Donald Mackay, Sandside, Dumfries. ; Roger Penney, Liskeard, Cornwall ; Frescott Price, Edinburgh 7 ; Alan Novak, Hartlepool, Co. Durham ; R. Bale, Romford, Essex ; James Shaw, Belfast, Nth. Ireland ; F. Kern, Boreham Wood, Herts. ; Martin Parvin, Beckenham, Kent ; Nigel Clarke, E. Finchley, London ; Robin Heather, Dublin, Ireland ; Xavier Guerrero, London N.W.1 ; Edward Craggs, Aldborough, Yorks. ; Geoffrey Read, E. Grinstead, Sussex ; Murray Crawford, Basildon, Essex ; Steward Leverett, Beccles, Suffolk ; M. Barnshow, Windsor, Berks. ; Anthony Ravera, Liverpool 11 ; Deborah Roberts, Llandudno, N. Wales ; Alan Fairhurst, Bolton, Lancs.

ODD SPORTS

RAM FIGHTS

Despite Chairman Mao's campaign to modernise China and abolish old sports and customs, he has not been able to stop the ram fights which were once popular throughout the country. In the more isolated parts of China, rams still pit their skill against each other and large sums of money are won or lost on the results of the contest.

The rams, which are specially bred for fighting are big animals with huge, twisted horns. Owners of fighting rams seldom train the animals themselves but employ professional trainers to do it for them.

Ram fights usually take place in an arena about 50 feet in diameter and surrounded by a strong wooden paling or stone wall. The paling or wall has two purposes. It protects the spectators from injury, and it also prevents one of the fighters running away if he is getting the worst of the battle.

On the morning of the fight, each ram gladiator is given a close shave and then put in a cage. There, anyone is at liberty to prod him with sticks and so put him in a thoroughly bad mood.

Arrived at the arena, the rams are put into strong bamboo cages facing each other. They then get some more prodding to make them angrier.

Another official, who acts as a referee, gives the signal for battle to begin by striking a gong. The fronts of the cages are whipped away, and the infuriated rams charge each other to meet head-on with a tremendous crash of horns.

The fight ends with either the loser breaking one of his horns or being gored by his opponent. The battle seldom lasts more than 15 minutes, but it has been known for two well-matched rams to fight for over an hour until both are so battered and exhausted that they have to be carried out of the arena. The contest is then declared a draw.

Twenty-day Dance Record

The world's dancing marathon was won in Naples by Guido Amato and his partner Nina Costello. They fox-trotted and two-stepped on the floor of a local dance hall for a total of twenty days.

They began their marathon with a loosening-up session that lasted six hours. They then rested for an hour. The rest of the marathon was made up of sessions of 12 hours continuous dancing followed by two hours rest. The final session lasted twelve hours without a break.

During the marathon the couple wore out eight pairs of shoes each. While dancing they were kept cool by their seconds who sponged their faces and arms.

Twenty days of dancing earned them a silver cup and about £300 in prize money.

BRICK-BALANCING CONTEST

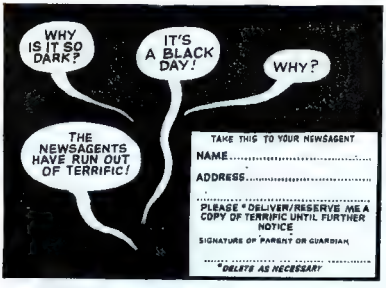
Pedro Carrera now holds what is claimed to be the world brick-balancing championship.

The contest was held at a fair in Chile and nearly 50 competitors entered.

Competitors lined up each with a stack of building bricks in front of him. The rules laid down that each contestant must balance the bricks singly one on top of the other without the bricks falling over.

Most of the contestants fell out before their piles were more than 20 bricks high. Carrera managed to balance 64 bricks one on top of the other and won his title by nine bricks over the runner-up.

Carrera's prize was a brick mounted on a stand engraved with his name.



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ENTER THIS THRILLING SKY RAY COMPETITION

ALL YOU DO: Study each of the four Doctor Who action pictures below. Then, from the list of ten words on the right, select the four words (one for each picture) that best describe the thrilling battle scenes shown. Enter each word in the space provided on the Entry Form.

ACTION!	STORM!
FIRE!	DEVASTATE!
ASSAULT!	ATTACK!
FIGHT!	STRIKE!
CHARGE!	SHOOT!

1. Never has there been such a mighty conflict! Roaring through outer space, the Space Raiders scream into battle!

2. Dr. Who and the Space Raiders face a violent battle to save a planet from the invading scaly monsters!

3. It's the Daleks again! Dr Who and the Space Raiders must outwit them once more to save the Space Station!

4. Braving the deadly rays of the Daleks, Dr. Who and the Space Raiders prepare to defend the Earth from invasion!

RULES

1. Any boy or girl up to the age of 13 years on 1st August, 1967, may enter this Competition organised by T. Wall & Sons (Ice Cream) Limited, Wall's House, Gloucester, except children of employees of T. Wall & Sons (Ice Cream) Limited and their associated companies and their advertising agents and members of their families.

2. Judges for this Competition have been appointed by T. Wall & Sons (Ice Cream) Limited. The decision of these judges will be final and binding on all competitors and no correspondence will be entered into. In making their decision the judges will take age into consideration. All entries will remain the property of T. Wall & Sons (Ice Cream) Limited.

3. The winning competitors will be informed by letter sent to them at the address on their Entry Form. Unsuccessful competitors will not be informed of the result but details of major prize-winners will be published in the children's press or available from Wall's on receipt of a stamped, addressed envelope.

4. You may enter the Competition as many times as you like. But each entry must be on a separate Entry Form. Extra forms will be obtainable from your Wall's shop. If you send in three or more entries at any one time, one entry need not be accompanied by a wrapper.

CLOSING DATE FOR ENTRIES: 15th SEPTEMBER, 1967

ENTRY FORM

Fill in this Entry Form, cut around the dotted line and send 1 Sky Ray wrapper with the completed Entry Form to:
SKY RAY SPACE RAIDERS, DEPT. TE3, T. WALL & SONS (ICE CREAM) LIMITED, WALL'S HOUSE, GLOUCESTER

Picture 1	WORD:	Picture 2	WORD:
Picture 3	WORD:	Picture 4	WORD:

Now write in not more than twelve words your idea of the ideal ice lolly.....

.....

BLOCK CAPITALS

NAME ..... AGE (on 1st August, 1967) .....

ADDRESS .....

TOWN..... COUNTY .....

I certify that this entry is the unaided work of the above and that he/she agrees to abide by the rules of the Competition.

SIGNED ..... Parent or Guardian

NOTE: To avoid cutting your comic you can get an Entry Form from your Wall's shop. Wall's Dr. Who's Space Adventure Book will be on sale there, too!

LINTAS 167/15-8028-60

Dr. STRANGE MASTER OF THE MYSTIC ARTS!

Reg. T.M. & © Marvel Comics Group, 1963

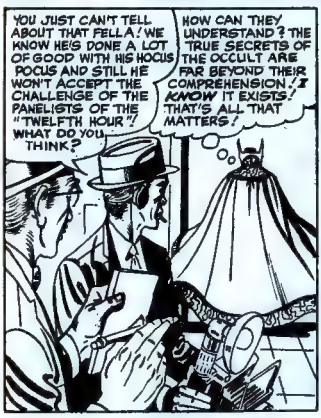
THE EVEN TENOR OF THE CITY IS DISTURBED ONE DAY BY THE RARE PUBLIC APPEARANCE OF THAT MOST UNIQUE OF MORTAL BEINGS...THAT MOST MYSTERIOUS OF MODERN MEN... *DR. STRANGE!*

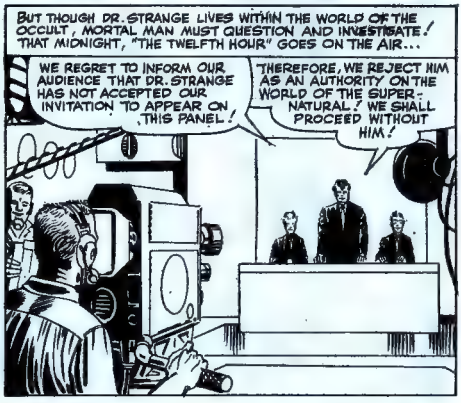
GIVE US A *BREAK*, DR. STRANGE! WHAT'S THE REASON WHY YOU WON'T DISCUSS THE OCCULT ON ON THE "TWELFTH HOUR" T.V. SHOW?

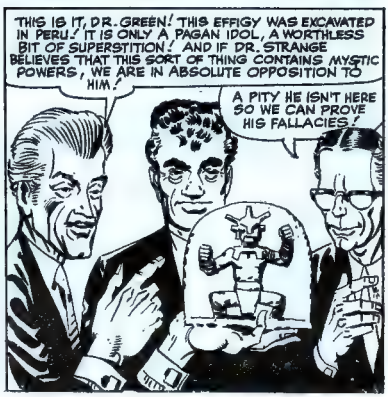
IS IT BECAUSE YOU CAN'T BACK UP YOUR PRINCIPLES WITH LOGIC? ARE YOU AFRAID YOU CAN'T *PROVE* YOUR BELIEFS?

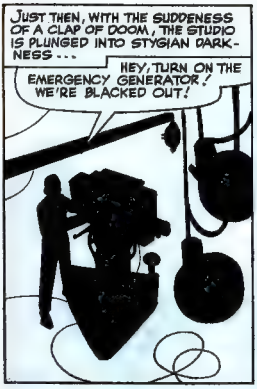
LIKE THAT? DR. STRANGE GETS AN OFFER TO TALK ABOUT THE MYSTIC ARTS ON T.V. AND HE REFUSES! I WONDER WHY?

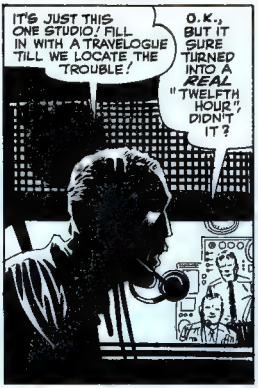
HOW DO YOU HE SURE IS A MAN OF SILENCE AS WELL AS MYSTERY!

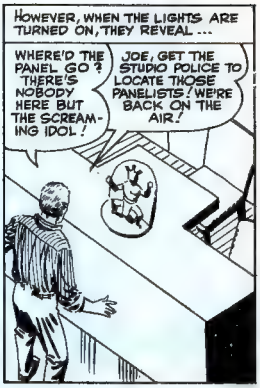


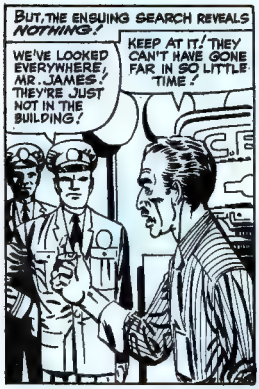


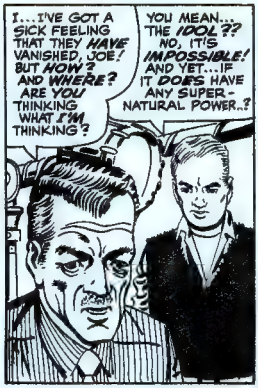



JUST THEN, WITH THE SUDDENESS OF A CLAP OF DOOM, THE STUDIO IS PLUNGED INTO STYGIAN DARKNESS...
HEY, TURN ON THE EMERGENCY GENERATOR! WE'RE BLACKED OUT!


IT'S JUST THIS ONE STUDIO! FILL IN WITH A TRAVELOGUE 'TILL WE LOCATE THE TROUBLE!
O.K., BUT IT SURE TURNED INTO A REAL "TWELFTH HOUR", DIDN'T IT?


HOWEVER, WHEN THE LIGHTS ARE TURNED ON, THEY REVEAL...
WHERE'D THE PANEL GO? THERE'S NOBODY HERE BUT THE SCREAMING IDOL!
JOE, GET THE STUDIO POLICE TO LOCATE THOSE PANELISTS! WE'RE BACK ON THE AIR!

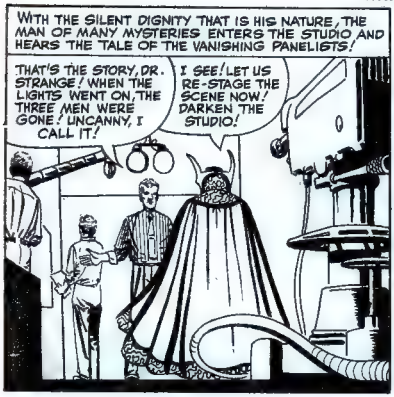

BUT, THE ENSUING SEARCH REVEALS NOTHING!
WE'VE LOOKED EVERYWHERE, MR. JAMES! THEY'RE JUST NOT IN THE BUILDING!
KEEP AT IT! THEY CAN'T HAVE GONE FAR IN SO LITTLE TIME!

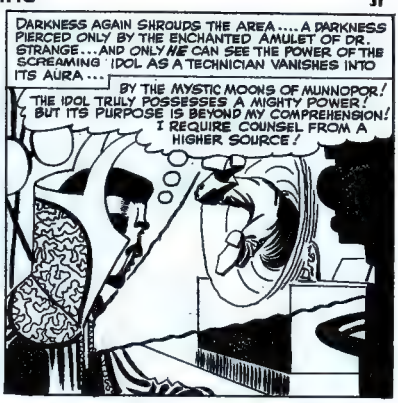

I...I'VE GOT A SICK FEELING THAT THEY HAVE VANISHED, JOE! BUT HOW? AND WHERE? ARE YOU THINKING WHAT I'M THINKING?
YOU MEAN... THE IDOL?? NO, IT'S IMPOSSIBLE! AND YET... IF IT DOES HAVE ANY SUPER-NATURAL POWER..?

BUT, WHAT DO WE DO? WE CAN'T CALL IN THE POLICE! THEY'LL THINK IT'S A PUBLICITY STUNT FOR THE SHOW!
WELL, THERE IS ONE FELLA WHO MIGHT TAKE THIS SERIOUSLY! IT CAN'T HURT TO CALL HIM...

WITHIN THE NEXT FEW MOMENTS, TWO OCCURRENCES TAKE PLACE!! ONE, IS THE MODERN MAGIC OF TWO MEN SPEAKING THROUGH MILES OF UNDERGROUND WIRE! THE OTHER IS THE APPEARANCE OF HIS MYSTIC CLOAK OF LEVITATION UPON THE COMMAND OF THE MASTER OF THE SUPERNATURAL... DR. STRANGE!
I SHALL DO MY UTMOST! TOUCH NOTHING UNTIL MY ARRIVAL!
COME, TREASURED GIFT OF THE ANCIENT ONE! THE WORLD HAS NEED AGAIN OF OUR OCCULT POWERS!

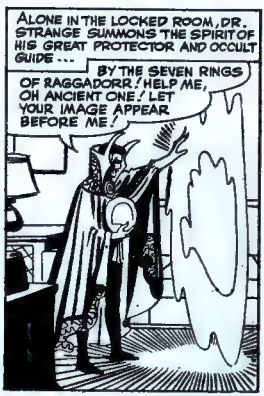
IF YOU HAD BEEN AT YOUR WINDOW, ON A CERTAIN RECENT NIGHT... AND HAD LOOKED UP INTO THE DARK SKY, YOU WOULD HAVE BARELY SEEN THE DIM, FURTIVE FIGURE OF DR. STRANGE SOARING ABOVE, HELD ALOFT BY HIS CLOAK OF LEVITATION!

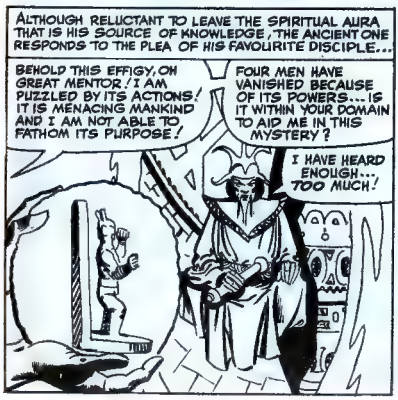

WITH THE SILENT DIGNITY THAT IS HIS NATURE, THE MAN OF MANY MYSTERIES ENTERS THE STUDIO AND HEARS THE TALE OF THE VANISHING PANELISTS!
THAT'S THE STORY, DR. STRANGE! WHEN THE LIGHTS WENT ON, THE THREE MEN WERE GONE! UNCANNY, I CALL IT!
I SEE! LET US RE-STAGE THE SCENE NOW! DARKEN THE STUDIO!


DARKNESS AGAIN SHROUDS THE AREA.... A DARKNESS PIERCED ONLY BY THE ENCHANTED AMULET OF DR. STRANGE... AND ONLY HE CAN SEE THE POWER OF THE SCREAMING IDOL AS A TECHNICIAN VANISHES INTO ITS AURA...
BY THE MYSTIC MOONS OF MUNNOPOR! THE IDOL TRULY POSSESSES A MIGHTY POWER! BUT ITS PURPOSE IS BEYOND MY COMPREHENSION! I REQUIRE COUNSEL FROM A HIGHER SOURCE!

BUT FIRST, I MUST MAKE CERTAIN THE IDOL CLAIMS NO OTHER VICTIMS! THEREFORE, BY THE POWERS AT MY COMMAND, I PLACE A MYSTIC SHIELD ABOUT THE EVIL FIGURE!

QUICKLY! I REQUIRE A CHAMBER FOR SOLITARY CONTEMPLATION!
SURE... TAKE THAT ROOM! AND GOOD LUCK, DOC! WITH THE CREEPY THINGS GOIN' ON AROUND HERE, YOU'LL NEED IT!!


ALONE IN THE LOCKED ROOM, DR. STRANGE SUMMONS THE SPIRIT OF HIS GREAT PROTECTOR AND OCCULT GUIDE...
BY THE SEVEN RINGS OF RAGGADORR! HELP ME, OH ANCIENT ONE! LET YOUR IMAGE APPEAR BEFORE ME!


ALTHOUGH RELUCTANT TO LEAVE THE SPIRITUAL AURA THAT IS HIS SOURCE OF KNOWLEDGE, THE ANCIENT ONE RESPONDS TO THE PLEA OF HIS FAVOURITE DISCIPLE...
BEHOLD THIS EFFIGY, OH GREAT MENTOR! I AM PUZZLED BY ITS ACTIONS! IT IS MENACING MANKIND AND I AM NOT ABLE TO FATHOM ITS PURPOSE!
FOUR MEN HAVE VANISHED BECAUSE OF ITS POWERS... IS IT WITHIN YOUR DOMAIN TO AID ME IN THIS MYSTERY?
I HAVE HEARD ENOUGH... TOO MUCH!

MY BRAIN REELS, MY SON, AT THE AWESOME SIGHT OF IT! IT IS THE EFFIGY OF TIBORO, LORD OF THE SEETHING VOLCANO, EVIL RULER FROM THE DIM, DEAD PAST! IF HIS IDOL HAS FINALLY APPEARED, IT MEANS TIBORO IS READY TO STRIKE!

"MANY AGES AGO, LONG BEFORE THE COMING OF MODERN MAN, THE EVIL TIBORO WAS WORSHIPPED BY AN EARLIER TRIBE OF BEINGS IN A SAVAGE ERA UNDER THE RULE OF THE DREADED ONE!"

"THE POWERFUL TIBORO EXORCISED THE MIGHT OF LIGHTNING, CREATING AN ELECTROPLASMIC RAY TO RULE HIS WORLD!"

"BUT, THAT MYSTIC PERIOD ENDED! THE CIVILIZATION VANISHED AS DID ITS DESPOTIC TYRANT, TIBORO! ONLY THE SCREAMING IDOL REMAINED, BURIED IN PERU... BUT MY MIND GROWS DIM! I AM WEARY... THE STRAIN OF MENTAL TALK IS TOO GREAT..."

ACCEPT MY GRATITUDE, OH, MASTER! IT SHALL BE *MY* DUTY TO PURSUE THE MYSTERY FROM THIS POINT!

MAY THE SEVEN RINGS OF RAGGADORR PROTECT YOU, MY SON! FOR YOU ENTER AN UNKNOWN REALM!

NOW, I MYSELF MUST ALLOW THE POWER OF THE IDOL TO CLAIM ME! ONLY THUS CAN I CONFRONT THE ONE CALLED *TIBORO!*

POWER INTO POWER! THE OCCULT INTERTWINES WITH THE OMNIPOTENT AS DR. STRANGE MOMENTARILY REMOVES HIS SHIELD AND IS THUS SUDDENLY ABSORBED INTO AN ALIEN DIMENSION!

BUT, BEFORE COMPLETELY LEAVING THE WORLD OF MAN, HE AGAIN CLOAKS THE OMINOUS IDOL WITH A PROTECTIVE SCREEN, SO THAT IT CLAIM NO OTHER INNOCENT VICTIMS!

DIZZYING SENSATION BEYOND SENSATION! VORTEX CHURNING INTO VERTIGO! AND THE MAN OF MANY MYSTERIES IS TRANSPORTED INTO THE *SIXTH* DIMENSION... INTO THE REALM OF *TIBORO!*

SO, DR. STRANGE... I WAS AFRAID OF THIS!

I SUSPECTED THAT MY ACTIVITIES WOULD ATTRACT YOUR ATTENTION! I HOPED TO GO ON WITHOUT YOUR INTERFERENCE! BUT, NOW I MUST DEAL WITH YOU BEFORE I CONTINUE!

ALL THE MYSTIC EVIL FORCES MUST DEAL WITH DR. STRANGE!

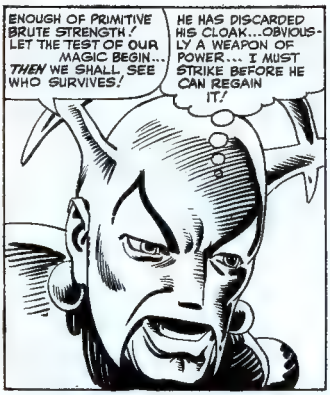
RASH ONE, KNOW THAT TIBORO CAN FATHOM YOUR PURPOSE! YOU SEEK THE RELEASE OF MY CAPTIVES! THAT IS IMPOSSIBLE! THEY ARE THE FIRST OF MILLIONS OF MORTALS OVER WHOM I SHALL RULE AS I ONCE RULED AN EARLIER RACE OF EARTH BEINGS!

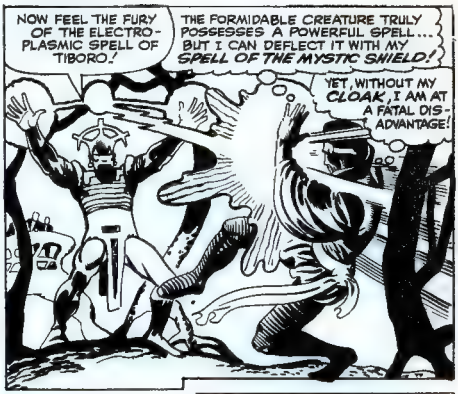
I AM THE SPIRIT OF DECAY! WHEN A CIVILIZATION HAS REACHED A POINT OF CRISIS...THEN I TAKE COMMAND! YOUR WORLD SEETHES WITH TENSION AND UNREST...WITH THE MENACE OF WAR AND ANARCHY! IT'S ALMOST READY FOR THE TYRANNY OF TIBORO!

YOU ARE WRONG, SINISTER ONE! MAN HAS SURVIVED MANY CRISES AND WILL YET SURVIVE HIS PRESENT DILEMMA! YOUR TIME IS NOT YET, TIBORO!

I HAVE TO OPPOSE HIM CAUTIOUSLY... SO I CAN DISCOVER THE SOURCE OF HIS POWERS! MAY THE HOSTS OF THE VISHANTI HELP ME! I MUST MAKE HIM DISCARD THAT MYSTERIOUS WAND! PERHAPS *THAT* IS THE KEY!

THE MIGHTY DESPOT OF DECAY CHARGES THE MASTER OF THE MYSTIC ARTS WITH ALL HIS FORMIDABLE BRUTE POWER! BUT DR. STRANGE BRINGS THE SKILL OF THE SERAPHIM INTO PLAY, CAUSING TIBORO'S BLOWS TO FALL ON EMPTY AIR, WHILE INFLICTING STINGING DAMAGE UPON THE POWERFUL TYRANT FROM THE SIXTH DIMENSION!


ENOUGH OF PRIMITIVE BRUTE STRENGTH! LET THE TEST OF OUR MAGIC BEGIN... THEN WE SHALL SEE WHO SURVIVES!
HE HAS DISCARDED HIS CLOAK...OBVIOUSLY A WEAPON OF POWER... I MUST STRIKE BEFORE HE CAN REGAIN IT!

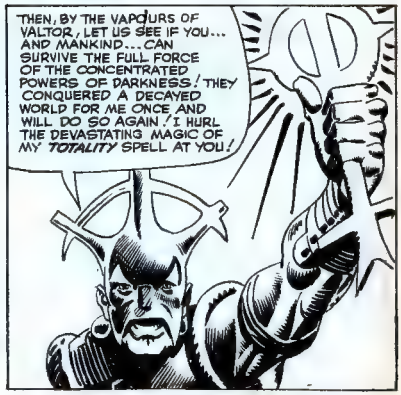

NOW FEEL THE FURY OF THE ELECTRO-PLASMIC SPELL OF TIBORO!
THE FORMIDABLE CREATURE TRULY POSSESSES A POWERFUL SPELL... BUT I CAN DEFLECT IT WITH MY SPELL OF THE MYSTIC SHIELD!
YET, WITHOUT MY CLOAK, I AM AT A FATAL DISADVANTAGE!

UNABLE TO REACH HIS CAPE, TEMPORARILY BLINDED BY THE VOLCANIC RAY, HE REELS UNDER ITS AWESOME IMPACT!
MY... MY CLOAK! DO I STILL HAVE THE STRENGTH TO COMMAND ITS LEVITATION? IF I FAIL, THE WORLD TOTTERS ON THE BRINK!

WITH THE LAST OUNCE OF MY MYSTIC POWERS...IN THE NAME OF THE ALL-SEEING AGAMOTTO...AND OF THE ANCIENT ONE HIMSELF...ENGULF TIBORO!
GAZE UPON MY WAND...AND DIE!

IT IS THE TEST OF STRENGTH OF TWO MIGHTY POWERS! BUT THE CLOAK RESPONDS TO DR. STRANGE'S COMMAND AND WRAPS ITSELF ABOUT TIBORO TO BIND AND BLIND HIM!
IT IS TRUE! HIS CLOAK IS POTENT! THUS IT IS TIME FOR MY MOST DESTRUCTIVE FORCES!

I UNDERRATED YOU, MAN OF MAGIC! BUT I STILL BELIEVE MORTALS ARE DOOMED!
IT IS YOU WHO ARE DOOMED, TIBORO! MAN WILL SURVIVE EVEN THE DESPOTIC AMBITIONS OF SUCH AS YOU! I REMOVE MY CAPE! MY SENSES ARE STRONG ENOUGH TO MEET YOUR EVERY CHALLENGE!


THEN, BY THE VAPOURS OF VALTOR, LET US SEE IF YOU... AND MANKIND... CAN SURVIVE THE FULL FORCE OF THE CONCENTRATED POWERS OF DARKNESS! THEY CONQUERED A DECAYED WORLD FOR ME ONCE AND WILL DO SO AGAIN! I HURL THE DEVASTATING MAGIC OF MY TOTALITY SPELL AT YOU!

GAZE CAUTIOUSLY, HUMAN! FOR YOU ARE LOOKING UPON A BATTLE FOR EARTH'S SURVIVAL, AS DR. STRANGE TAKES UPON HIMSELF THE FULL FORCE OF TIBORO'S AWESOME ATTACK! AND THEN...
HIS MAGIC IS STRONG... BUT MINE IS THE MAGIC OF GOOD AGAINST EVIL! LET THE SPELLS OF TIBORO DISBAND!

AS THE MELTING OF ICEBERGS BEFORE THE POWER OF THE SUN, TIBORO'S SPELL FADES INTO SHEER NOTHINGNESS!
I SURVIVE, MONSTROUS ONE! THE OMNIPOTENT FORCE OF RIGHTEOUSNESS IS STRONGER THAN THE POWERS OF EVIL! HAVE YOU HAD ENOUGH PROOF?

IT IS YOU WHO WILL HAVE ENOUGH... THE INSTANT MY ELECTROPLASMIC RAY STRIKES YOU... THUS!
SHADES OF THE SERAPHIM... ENGULF ME WITH THE CIRCLE OF THE COSMOS, TO WITHSTAND THIS NEW THREAT!

YOUR SHIELD CANNOT PROTECT YOU FROM THE ELECTROPLASMIC FORCE OF TIBORO! SEE! IT CRACKS AND FALLS APART!
I MUST CALL UPON YET ONE MORE SPELL... THOUGH IT DRAINS MY LAST VESTIGE OF STRENGTH!

MY POWER IS SPENT, BUT NO MATTER! YOU ARE NOW AS HELPLESS AS I!
YOUR MAGIC HAS WEAKENED, BUT MINE IS STILL OMNI-PRESENT! LET THE GROUND RISE UP AND ENCLOSE ME!

IMPOSSIBLE! ARE HIS SPELLS WITHOUT LIMIT?? I MUST RUSH FORWARD... I'LL SHATTER THAT ACCURSED SHIELD WITH ONE MIGHTY BLOW!

RIGHTEOUS FOOL! YOU HAVE OUTWITTED YOURSELF! YOUR SHELL IS ONLY A TRAP FOR YOUR DESTRUCTION!
BY THE VIPERS! HE HAS VANISHED!

LOOK BEHIND YOU, TIBORO! IT WAS AN ILLUSION...NOTHING MORE! I STILL POSSESS MY POWER OF ENCHANTMENT! BUT YOU HAVE USED UP ALL YOUR EVIL ARTS! I DEMAND THAT YOU SURRENDER!
IT...IS..TRUE! I AM WEAK! STILL, THE FORCE OF MY WAND WILL YET DEFEAT YOU, MAN OF MYSTERY!

BUT DR. STRANGE PARALYZES THE WEIRD WAND BY THE MYSTIC MIGHT OF THE SPELL OF THE OMNIPOTENT OSHTUR WHILE THE FATE OF A WORLD IS DECIDED!
MY WAND IS USELESS! IT IS FOOLHARDY TO CONTINUE! I MUST SURVIVE, TO RETURN AT ANOTHER TIME!

LISTEN AND OBEY, TIBORO! YOUR EVIL POWERS ARE NUMBED BY THE PROWESS OF RIGHT! SURRENDER... OR YOU PERISH FOREVER!
I SURRENDER! I CAN DO NO MORE BATTLE WITH YOU...NOT NOW!
YOU WIN THIS TIME, DR. STRANGE!

...BUT LET ME DETECT FURTHER DECAY OF THIS CIVILIZATION OF EARTH, AND I SHALL RETURN! AND NEXT TIME MY POWER SHALL BE GREATER... I SHALL NOT UNDERESTIMATE YOU AGAIN!
SO BE IT! BUT, FOR NOW, I ORDER YOU TO FREE YOUR PRISONERS!

THE BATTLE FOR SUPREMACY HAS TAKEN ONLY A MINUTE IN THE TIME OF MAN! THUS, WHEN THE NETWORK OFFICIALS ENTER THE EMPTY ROOM...
HEY! THERE'S A KIND OF INVISIBLE SHIELD AROUND THIS THING! I CAN'T SEEM TO TOUCH IT!
IT'S GOT TO BE SOME OF DR. STRANGE'S DOING! BY THE WAY, HE'S GONE, TOO!

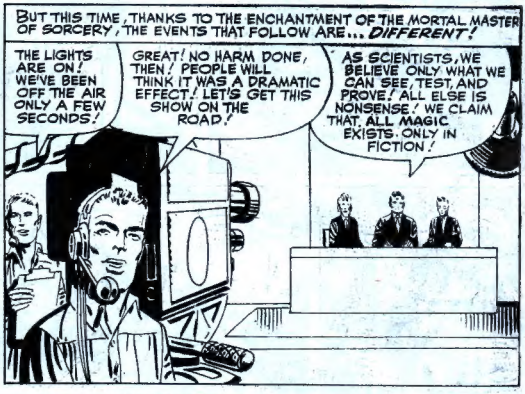
HOLY COW! LOOK AT THAT! DO YOU SEE WHAT I SEE?
I'M AFRAID SO!...TINY FIGURES... COMING OUT OF THE IDOL!
AND THEY'RE GETTING BIGGER!

IT'S THE MISSING FOUR... AND DR. STRANGE!
THIS IS IMPOSSIBLE! TELL ME WE'RE DREAMING ...OR UNDER HYPNOSIS!!

NO! IT'S TRUE! IT'S ALL THE PROOF I NEED THAT DR. STRANGE IS INDEED A PRACTITIONER OF THE MYSTIC ARTS!
HE BROUGHT OUR PEOPLE BACK FROM NOWHERE WITH HIS POWERS!
WE'LL PUT ON A SHOW DEPICTING WHAT HAPPENED... AND PROVE THE EXISTENCE OF THE OCCULT!
DR. STRANGE WILL BE THE STAR!

NO! BY THE TWELVE MOONS OF MUNNOPOR, THIS CANNOT BE! IT IS NOT MEANT FOR MORTALS TO KNOW SO MUCH OF WHAT TRANSPIRES IN THE MYSTIC DIMENSIONS! IN THE NAME OF THE ALL-SEEING AGAMOTTO, I CAST THE SPELL OF FORGETFULNESS OVER YOU ALL!

AND SO... AS THE MAGIC SPELL IS CAST, TIME GOES BACK TO THE MOMENT WHEN THE STUDIO WAS BLACKENED...
HEY! TURN ON THE EMERGENCY GENERATOR! WE'RE BLACKED OUT!


BUT THIS TIME, THANKS TO THE ENCHANTMENT OF THE MORTAL MASTER OF SORCERY, THE EVENTS THAT FOLLOW ARE... DIFFERENT!
THE LIGHTS ARE ON! WE'VE BEEN OFF THE AIR ONLY A FEW SECONDS!
GREAT! NO HARM DONE, THEN! PEOPLE WILL THINK IT WAS A DRAMATIC EFFECT! LET'S GET THIS SHOW ON THE ROAD!
AS SCIENTISTS, WE BELIEVE ONLY WHAT WE CAN SEE, TEST, AND PROVE! ALL ELSE IS NONSENSE! WE CLAIM THAT, ALL MAGIC EXISTS ONLY IN FICTION!

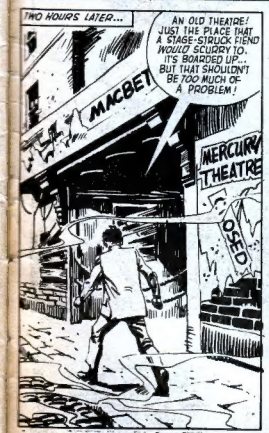
AS "THE TWELFTH HOUR" RESUMES, A SHADOWY, SILENT FIGURE WATCHES FROM THE SHADOWS... AND SMILES SECRETLY TO HIMSELF...
IT IS DONE! LET THEM BELIEVE AS THEY WILL... SO LONG AS THEY DO NOT RECALL THE MENACE OF TIBORO! ... AND SO LONG AS THEY WORK TO ACHIEVE TRUE PEACE AMONG MEN!

IT IS BEST THIS WAY! AND I PRAY THAT CIVILIZATION NEVER FALTERS... THAT MAN'S IDEALS NEVER GROW SO WEAK THAT TIBORO WILL STRIKE AGAIN!

THUS, WHILE THE CITY WATCHES THE PANEL DISCUSS THE ISSUE OF SORCERY, DR. STRANGE TAKES TO THE SKIES TO RETURN TO THE SANCTUM OF HIS OBSCURE MANSION.
AND NOW, AS TRULY AS THE VISHANTI EXIST IN THE COSMOS, WE SHALL SURELY MEET AGAIN NEXT WEEK! TILL THEN, MAY YOUR AMULET BE ETERNALLY GLOWING!

THE DRAMA OF DOOM

POISON-TIPPED DARTS THAT INSTANTLY TURN MEN INTO BERSERK KILLERS—THESE ARE THE TERRIBLE WEAPONS OF A SINISTER CRIMINAL CALLED THE ACTOR. BUT SPECIAL AGENT **DON STARR** HAS BEEN SAFEGUARDED AGAINST THE DARTS' DEADLY EFFECT. THEN, DISGUISED AS ONE OF A GANG OF MURDEROUS ROGUES, HE IS TRAPPED IN A CELLAR... ***AS THE ACTOR'S DARTS STRIKE...***



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A Power House PIN-UP
Count Nefaria
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